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Military Operations of General Beauregard.

By COLONEL ALFRED ROMAN.

A Review by Judge Charles Gayarré.

PAPER NO. 2—CONCLUSION.

In March, 1862, a well organized and fully equipped Federal force, of over forty-seven thousand men, was gathered in front of Pittsburg landing, on the Tennessee river, a few miles from Corinth, where the Confederates were assembling for arming and drilling as fast as possible. This army, of which at least forty per cent. were flushed with recent victories, was soon to be reinforced by General Buell, already on the march from Nashville, Tenn., with, at the lowest estimate, an effective force of thirty-seven thousand disciplined and superbly-equipped troops.

General Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander-in-chief, who had been retreating from Kentucky and Tennessee to avoid being enveloped by these overwhelming forces, arrived on the 22d of March at Corinth, where Beauregard, with infinite trouble, energy and perseverance, had succeeded in mustering twenty-five thousand men.

It was not yet an army, but only a heroic mob, who had responded to his eloquent appeal to their patriotism.

Beauregard, on the arrival of Johnston, proposed to surprise the Federal force, under command of General Grant, who had reached the Tennessee river, and defeat him before the coming of Buell, whose junction was shortly expected. General Johnston assented. The plan was to be in the vicinity of the enemy by the evening of the 4th of April, and attack on the morning of the 5th, twenty-four hours before the probable arrival of Buell. But heavy rainfalls during the night of the 4th and the early part of the next day, the narrowness of the roads running through a densely wooded country, the rawness of the troops and the inexperience of their officers, including some of superior rank, were the causes of much delay, and the Confederates had reached a position to attack only on the morning of the 6th instead of the 5th, as originally intended. This was not all. The transportation wagons, containing five days' uncooked, reserved rations, for all the troops, were miles away in the rear, not having been able, on account of the heavy roads, to keep up with the march, and the march itself had been conducted with such open imprudence, in violation of the strictest orders given to the contrary, that it was impossible to entertain any longer the hope that the enemy would be surprised. Wherefore General Beauregard, who had planned and organized the offensive movement, proposed that it be converted into a reconnoissance in force, with the purpose of drawing the enemy nearer to our base at Corinth. This shows that General Beauregard, who had always been considered as too fond of a dangerous and aggressive strategy, knew how to control, when necessary, his natural disposition, and restrain his boldness with the curb of prudence.

General Johnston dissented for several reasons, one of which was that a retrograde movement would, under present circumstances, discourage his troops, who were full of confidence and hopeful of success. Our army had been put in motion for battle. It was now on the field chosen for it, and it was thought better to cast the die and risk the venture on the gaming table of Mars. Consequently preparations were made for an attack at dawn the next day, 6th of April, and what has been called the battle of Shiloh, was fought according to the decision of the Commander-in-chief, but not with the endorsement of the next in command.

It was the opinion of General Sherman that the position of the Federals was the strongest that could be found in the world, and that General Beauregard "would not be such a fool as to attack, and that his

movement was only a reconnoissance in force." Hence it is proved that the Federals were surprised, notwithstanding the probabilities to the contrary, and that they were driven into a battle for which they were not prepared. It was fought with great fury on both sides during two days. The Confederate loss, out of forty thousand men, was ten thousand. The Federals, whose ranks had been, swelled particularly during the battle of the second day, by strong reinforcements, that raised their forces to seventy-two thousand, lost over twelve thousand men.

General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed at 2.50 P. M. on the first day of the battle, and General Beauregard, who had acted under him, continued it with great vigor and intelligence until nightfall. We think it useless, for the purpose we have in view, to notice the controversy which has arisen about whether the Federals would or would not have been crushed if General Johnston had not been killed and General Beauregard not assumed command, for which it is contended that he was not prepared, on account of bad health and other circumstances. It is difficult to read Colonel Roman's narrative without being convinced that General Beauregard acted on that occasion with his usual valor and ability.

At the end of the first day's battle, as demonstrated by Colonel Roman, the starving and weary Confederates had, during the long and exhaustive conflict, been thrown into much confusion, resulting partly from their pillage of the enemy's camps to satisfy their hunger and recuperate their overtaxed strength, when they believed themselves to be victorious, and partly from the disjointed condition in which the different corps found themselves on the approach of night. A further struggle would have been useless, if prosecuted under existing disadvantages, and it looked as if imperatively necessary to cease it, and to reorganize for the next day. But, in the meantime, all the forces of Buell had arrived, and Beauregard went into the bloody battle of the next day, merely to deceive the enemy about the retreat which he meditated back to Corinth, and which he executed with consummate skill.

At Corinth it soon became apparent to General Beauregard that the insalubrity of that locality would, says Colonel Roman, "increase as the season advanced," and that, apart from the danger of being overwhelmed by a steadily growing army in his front, he would have to select another strategic point more salubrious, and in which he could hold in check the enemy and protect his rear. For these reasons he evacuated Corinth and fell back on Tupelo, where begins

the fertile and healthful black-land region of Mississippi. With his usual caution, celerity, and success he executed this retreat, which is always a difficult military operation to effect without disaster, when having to elude the grasp of an enterprising and vigilant enemy.

Whilst at Corinth General Beauregard, by dint of excessive efforts and by the magnetism of his popularity, had succeeded in concentrating again fifty thousand men, with whom he had to contend against one hundred and twenty-five thousand under General Halleck, as first, and General Grant, as second in command. Before retreating, as we have related, from this eminently important strategic point, which he had to abandon, General Beauregard, with his well-known sagacity and his boldness of conception, had devised a scheme to strike a powerful blow at one of the numerous corps that he had in front. It was to be a flank movement, and was only partially successful, on account of the inefficiency of a leading guide and the slowness of one of the commanding Generals of the expedition. Meanwhile General Beauregard had taken the most minute precautions to protect his falling back to Tupelo, as before stated; and we believe that Colonel Roman correctly says "that no other retreat during the war was conducted in so systematic and masterly a manner, especially when we consider the comparative rawness of some of our troops and the disparity of numbers and resources between the two confronting armies." On the 5th of June, 1862, our army was safe at Tupelo, fifty-two miles from Corinth, in a salubrious region, where all the requirements of subsistence and of a good defensive position were found.

It was at Tupelo that the misunderstandings, incessantly occurring between the President and General Beauregard, attained a more acute degree of intensity. Believing that his presence could be dispensed with for a few days, the General went to Bladon Springs, in Alabama, in the hope to benefit his health, which was completely shattered, and transferred, temporarily, the command of the army to General Bragg, one of his Lieutenants. Whereupon, President Davis removed General Beauregard and substituted for him General Bragg, to whom he gave permanent and complete command. General Beauregard felt it to be an injustice and an affront, but he took it magnanimously, showing no irritation and no resentment.

On the 20th of July, General Bragg addressed a letter to his former commander, then at Bladon Springs, and consulted him on a projected campaign from Tupelo into Tennessee and Kentucky. He was answered in a most kind and cordial manner. After having fully developed his views on the subject, Beauregard concluded thus:

"The moment you get to Chattanooga, you ought to take the offensive, keeping in mind the following grand principles of the art of war: First, always bring the masses of your army in contact with the fractions of the enemy; second, operate as much as possible on his communications without exposing your own; third, operate always on interior or shorter lines. I have no doubt that, with anything like equal numbers, you will always meet with success."

Colonel Roman remarks: "General Bragg, for reasons we cannot explain, did not follow the advice given, and his campaigns into Middle Tennessee, and in Kentucky ended almost in a disaster."

In September, 1862, General Beauregard was assigned to duty in the military department, comprehending South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, with headquarters at Charleston. The minimum of the forces for the defense of this extensive district was reported to him as somewhat exceeding forty-three thousand men. He immediately established signal (flag) stations at the most important points along the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, where the enemy's ships, or fleets, could be observed. So effective was the inaugurated system, that, during the twenty months he remained there in command, he never was, on any occasion, taken by surprise. He prepared all the means in his power to give the enemy as warm a reception as circumstances would allow, and, as usual with him, no detail, however insignificant in appearance, was neglected. He actually looked to everything with his own eyes, and always took care to give, himself, verbally or otherwise, all the instructions necessary to the full execution of his orders.

We will not go into the details, extraordinary as they are, of the defence of Charleston against the powerful fleet that so long assailed that city. But we may be permitted to assert, without much fear of contradiction, that it was a marvellous display of engineering skill. The incessant labors which such a masterly defence required did not prevent General Beauregard from turning his attention to the military operations conducted by his companions in arms in other parts of the Confederacy. For instance, he suggested to General J. E. Johnston, then at Jackson, Mississippi, that by concentrating his own and other forces not actively engaged at the time, he could inaugurate a vigorous and successful campaign into Tennessee and Kentucky. On the 15th of May, 1863, he drew a plan of operations which he communicated to General J. E. Johnston, saying: "These views, if they coincide with yours might be, if not already done, submitted to the War Department."

That plan was extremely brilliant—almost dazzling. It consisted, as recommended on previous occasions, in the concentration of all our available forces on the defensive, and next, in the execution of rapid and offensive movements. It would at least have relieved, if it had accomplished nothing more, the State and Valley of Mississippi, by marching a large Confederate army into Tennessee and Kentucky. Rosecrans's corps could have been suddenly attacked and crushed; Grant's corps might have had his communications cut off and would have had to surrender, or cut his way through the victorious and enthusiastic hosts that encompassed him. Then sufficient forces could have been spared to send to the assistance of Kirby Smith in Louisiana, of Price in Missouri, and back to Virginia, to reinforce the troops left there, should they have been pressed by the enemy—a contingency hardly to be supposed, considering the condition of our foes in that State after their terrible defeat at Chancellorsville. Finally the navigation of the Mississippi could have been resumed, New Orleans retaken and Banks's army captured. These possibilities presented by General Beauregard in a plan which must be admitted to have been graphically drawn, and in support of which plausible reasons were alleged, produced, we confess, a sort of vertiginous effect upon our mind. We could not prevent the results, announced with such faith, from rising before us like a glorious mirage. But General Lee, instead of being sent to Kentucky, as he should have been, to co-operate with our other forces, was ordered into Pennsylvania, and the disaster of Gettysburg was the awful consequence of what is considered by many as an egregious mistake.

General Beauregard, in his anxiety for the fate of the Confederacy, did not confine his attention to the defence of Charleston; his mind glanced over a much broader surface. He never, as much as possible, lost sight of our military movements, wherever they were expected to be of any importance. Thus, on the 7th of October, 1863, he wrote to General Bragg, commanding the army at Chattanooga, Tennessee. With much lucidity he laid before him the plan of a campaign, and predicted what would follow should some such plan be not adopted. With remarkable modesty and with patriotic disinterestedness he said to his successor and friend:

"Should you approve of this plan, can you not address it as your own to the War Department in the hope of its being adopted? What I desire is our success. I care not who gets the credit for it. Our resources are fast getting exhausted; our people, I fear, are getting disheartened, for they can see no bright spot on the horizon to revive

their drooping hopes after the sacrifices they have made in this terrible contest. Let us then unite all our efforts in a last deadly struggle, and with God's help we shall triumph."

As usual, that new plan was rejected, as the others had been, and it is remarkable that on this occasion, as on the preceding ones, all that General Beauregard predicted as liable to happen, in case of the rejection of his views, took place almost to the very letter. Could it have been worse if his plans had been followed?

On the 8th of December, 1863, General Beauregard, while contemplating from Charleston the military situation in Virginia and the West, where disasters were following disasters, drew at the request of Pierre Soulé, ex-Senator of Louisiana in the Congress of the United States, a comprehensive plan of campaign, which the latter desired, if it were possible, to submit to the authorities at Richmond. In that communication General Beauregard said:

"The system hitherto followed of keeping in the field separate armies, acting without concert, on distant and divergent lines of operation, and thus enabling our enemy to concentrate at convenience his masses against our fractions, must be discontinued, as radically contrary to the principles of the art of war, and attended with inevitable results, such as our disasters in Mississippi, Tennessee and North Georgia.

"We must arrange for a sudden and rapid concentration—upon some selected, decisive point of the theatre of war—of enough troops to crush the forces of the enemy embodied in that quarter. This must necessarily be done at the expense or hazard, for the time, of other points less important, or offering less advantages to strike the enemy. A blow thus struck must effectually disorganize his combinations, and will give us the choice of the field of operations.

"I am sensibly aware of our limited means, our want of men, the materials and appliances of war and of transportation, and hence the difficulties which will embarrass us in the execution of this plan of concentration. But I see no way to success except through and by it, and nothing but ultimate disaster without it. A different course may, indeed, protract the contest, which will become, day by day, more unequal. We may fight stoutly, as hitherto, many bloody and undecisive battles, but will never win a signal, conclusive victory, until we can manage to throw a heavy and overwhelming mass of our forces upon the fractions of the enemy, and at the same time successfully strike at his communications without exposing our own.

"Of course my views must be subject to such modifications, as my

want of precise information relative to the number and location of our troops may render necessary. The hour is critical and grave. I am filled with intense anxiety lest golden opportunities shall be lost forever. It is concentration and immediate mobility that are indispensable to preserve us."

The plan, although hurriedly drawn, was admirably conceived, and founded on the principles of the art of war. The only question was as to its feasibility. It is worthy of notice, that in his communication to Soulé, General Beauregard foresees, with the clearness of a true prophet, that Atlanta is the objective point of the enemy, and predicts the consequences that would and did ensue should the enemy take possession of that strategic point.

This plan was communicated to the War Department, and no action taken upon it. About eleven months later Atlanta fell, and the Southern Confederacy was mortally wounded. The sword of Sherman had gone through its vital parts. Beauregard had prophesied correctly. If the man-of-war had been fanciful in his military scheme of salvation, the prophet had not erred in his vaticinations.

From impregnable Charleston, under his command, Beauregard was removed in April, 1864, to Virginia, with headquarters at Petersburg. While at that city he proposed a plan of offensive operations, which was opposed by General Bragg, military adviser to the President. Among the arguments used by General Beauregard in pressing his views, we remark this one: "That, if successful, the stroke would, in all probability, terminate the war; while, if it should not be successful, the end to which the Confederate cause was hopelessly drifting, unless redeemed by some early, bold and decisive success, would only come sooner." It is difficult for the reader not to be favorably impressed by this argument. But the President persisted in his refusal to acquiesce in the views of the General.

The want of time and space does not permit the author of this essay to go into a review of the defence of Petersburg, protected by fortifications that cavalry could ride over, and by ten thousand against ninety thousand men. Sufficient to say that it was a prodigy of engineering, generalship, indomitable endurance, and superb tenaciousness of will.

From Petersburg, which he had saved, General Beauregard was ordered to take the command of what was called the Military Division of the West, embracing two departments respectively under Generals Hood and Taylor. "He knew," says Colonel Roman,

"that he was not superseding General Hood, but that he was merely sent to him as an adviser." General Hood, however, seems to have acted very little in concert with any advice from General Beauregard, and the plan of campaign which he had prepared, when carried into execution, ended in disaster for the Confederacy near Nashville, in Tennessee. The demoralized army became disorganized and was rapidly degenerating into a rabble. The days of the Confederacy were numbered and it was easy to foresee that its extinguishment was near.

On the 1st of February, 1865, Sherman began his famous march to the Atlantic Ocean. Beauregard was at Augusta. The estimate of the forces in and about that city and in the State of South Carolina, was 33,450 demoralized men, only one-half of them available at that date. It was the ghost of an army, with which to oppose at least 58,000 disciplined and well organized troops under Sherman.

It was then that General Beauregard, refusing to despair, and with a fortitude deserving of a better fate, conceived a plan by which he hoped, late as it was, to redeem the fortune of the Confederacy, and which he presented to President Davis, repeatedly in two telegraphic dispatches. He advised and demonstrated the policy of promptly abandoning all those cities and ports which he knew must soon fall of their own weight, and for whose protection troops were used that could be better employed at other points. But no attention was paid to his suggestions. "The government," says Colonel Roman, "persevered in following the beaten track, and preferred fighting the enemy's superior forces with disjointed portions of our own—thus reversing the essential maxim of war: *to command success concentrate masses against fractions.*"

This plan is minutely transcribed in Colonel Roman's book, because, as he says, "of its strategic value and entire feasibility." He further remarks: "It was indeed unfortunate that the War Department and Generals Bragg and Hardee did not understand the wisdom and necessity, at this juncture, of the concentration he advised. It would have resulted in the re-establishment of our lines of communication and depots of supplies, and in the eventual relief, if not permanent salvation of the Confederate capital."

Acknowledging our incapacity in this matter, we leave to competent critics the task to pronounce judgment on the "strategic value and entire feasibility" of the plan to which neither the government nor Generals Bragg and Hardee gave their assent. But we cannot but admire the stoutness of a heart impervious to despair, and the fer-

tility of that brain which to the very last was teeming with strategic conceptions of striking boidness. In the days of ancient Rome such a man would have been thanked by the Senate for his resolution still to continue the defence of what looked as a "lost cause." But although he had not, like Varro, lost by his fault the battle of Cannæ and left dead on the battle field near seventy thousand of his countrymen, yet not only was he not thanked for not having despaired of the Republic, but even very little attention was paid to his suggestions. Was it because, unlike Varro, he was not liable to reproach?

At last the cataclism arrived. Charleston was evacuated, Columbia burned, and nothing had been done by those who had rejected, one after another, all of General Beauregard's plans and suggestions. "The wisdom of the policy advocated by General Beauregard, weeks before," says Colonel Roman, "was clearly demonstrated. Had our untenable seaports and harbor defences and even the Confederate capital been abandoned in time, and the troops occupying them withdrawn and concentrated at or about Branchville, South Carolina, reinforced by two or more corps from the army of Northern Virginia, a stand could have been made by which Sherman's invading army, then so far from its base—the sea coast—would have been effectually checked and the course of events materially changed. As it was, place after place fell before overpowering numbers and the junction of General Bragg's forces with those of General J. E. Johnston was only partially effected after Schofield had united his forces with those of Sherman."

It may be said truly that the last effort, a spasmodic one, made by the Southern Confederacy in its agonies of death, was at Bentonville, when General Joseph E. Johnston, with about 14,000 men, struck, on the 20th of March, 1865, a vigorous blow on the flank of Sherman's army, composed of at least 60,000 men. It was the last leaf of laurel gained and much stained with bloodshed, with no result worthy of the sacrifice. We now hasten to avert our eyes from the painful and humiliating scenes which attended the end of our civil war. But before dismissing the subject, it gratifies us to say that Colonel Roman shows General Beauregard to have remained equal to himself to the last; and this is saying much; for very few historical characters have remained consistent and compact from the beginning to the termination of their career.

Colonel Roman does not leave us unacquainted with the feelings of his hero when retiring into the shades of private life after his final struggle in favor of the "Lost Cause."

"General Beauregard," he says, "bitterly reflected on General Sherman's long and slow march from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Goldsboro', and from Goldsboro' to Raleigh, a distance of 650 miles, which it had taken him 100 days, or an average of six miles a day to accomplish. He knew that this had been effected without material opposition, because of want of forethought on the part of the officers of the War Department, from whom no reinforcement could be obtained, and by reason of whose apathy no concentration could be made at any point, notwithstanding his repeated and urgent appeals. And what added keenness to his regret, was the recollection that had General Hood crossed the Tennessee river at Gantersville, when he should have done so, he would have had ample time to destroy the scattered Federal forces in that part of the State, take Nashville, with all the supplies there collected, and march to the Ohio without encountering serious obstacles. Or, possibly, he might, after taking Nashville, have crossed the Cumberland mountains and gone to form a junction with General Lee, so as to strike General Grant before General Sherman could come to his assistance. The success of either movement might have compelled General Sherman to follow the Confederate forces into Middle Tennessee, thus showing the correctness of General Hood's original plan, which, though badly executed, was, nevertheless, undoubtedly well conceived."

After having read Colonel Roman's book twice with minute attention, we asked ourself what impression it had left on our mind as to the character, the talents, and military career of General Beauregard. Our appreciation we give here for what it is worth. It has, at least, the merit, if no other, of sincerity, impartiality, and conviction.

The moral qualities of General Beauregard are transparent, and cannot be questioned—integrity, high-mindedness, magnanimity, delicate sensitiveness under a cold exterior, disinterestedness, and a chivalrous refinement of feelings, to which we may add self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, when required by the public good. We are not sure that we might not, with equal propriety, extend this disposition so as to embrace his usual course of action within the sphere of private interests.

As a military man, he shows himself a wonderful organizer, a rare quality, so much appreciated in Carnot, whom Napoleon called the "organizer of victories." He is equally skillful in the attack and in the retreat, and he unites in his person what is seldom found together, the genius of the engineer with the quick and comprehensive conceptions of the strategist in the field. The great Condé was one of

those to whom these two special and very different gifts had been granted by nature. Beauregard's sagacity in foreseeing, as if by intuition, the intended movements of the enemy; his inexhaustible fertility in inventing and devising plans after plans to meet his own exigencies and those of others; his ingenuity in gathering means of defence or offence, his indefatigable attention to the smallest details, which is the characteristic of great commanders; his sleepless capacity for labor, the precision and lucidity of his orders and military correspondence, are individual traits which are conspicuous. He also possesses that magnetism which all great captains have exercised on their troops. In his campaigns he combined caution with dash, boldness with prudence; a boldness which he thought justified by the hesitations and timidity, if not by the actual incapacity, of the enemy. Wherever he appeared despondency gave way to encouragement. His equals in command, although sometimes differing with him, would repeatedly consult him, by telegrams or otherwise, on the propriety of their own movements, thereby exhibiting complete reliance on his judgment and on his *coup d'œil*, embracing, like the eagle's eye, an immensity of distance and a variety of objects.

From the beginning to the end of the Secession War, there was an irreconcilable divergence of opinion between General Beauregard and the Confederate Government as to the policy of the military operations to be adopted. Yielding, probably to the clamors of localities, and to the pressure of other exigencies and considerations, the Government endeavored to protect every portion of the very extensive area of the Confederacy. This necessitated a scattering of forces. Beauregard was for concentrating all the vitality of the Confederate body into a large army, which would have made short the arbitrament of arms, instead of its being prolonged. Such a system might have been successful, and if not, it would have left us less exhausted by a defeat which would at once have put an end to the conflict. Unfortunately it continued to be throughout the policy of extension against concentration, of general, permanent and indiscriminate retention against partial and temporary abandonment. But this universal would-be protection turned out to be universal and absolute ruin; for, as we have said in the first pages of this essay, nothing can be more surely fatal than the prolongation of the struggle of a much weaker power against a much superior one, because, when it comes to bleeding, a giant can more easily afford to lose one pint of blood than a pigmy one single drop.

A man, like Frederic the Great, would have allowed Richmond to

be sacked seven times, as Berlin was, rather than not concentrate every man and every resource he could command to strike incessantly at his enemies; for he was not much inclined to the defensive, when the contest was between a population of five millions against one hundred millions, between Prussian poverty and the comparatively immense wealth of his adversaries. He had too much sense in his brain and too much steel in his nerves to pursue such a course. But Frederic, it is true, had the advantage of being a despot, with no hand but his own to hold the bridle of his horse, which he spurred to victory or death at the four quarters of the horizon, according to his supreme will; and Prussia was an armed and disciplined camp. It was all sting. But would Frederic have done what he did if he had been the fettered President of a Democratic Republic, dozing in his Executive arm-chair, under the opiate of a congressional body, and, instead of being on horseback in the field to direct everything in person, waiting patiently for the passage of laws in a revolutionary crisis, which is always the negative of all law, and when there should be no other legislation than that of the sword? Would Napoleon have achieved his stupendous victories if he had been compelled to submit his plans, before their execution, to a council of lawyers in Paris? The Romans knew better. In perilous times, when the life of the Commonwealth was at stake, their patrician Senate always appointed a dictator, and never attempted to exercise any control over the man upon whom they had imposed such immense responsibility. That dictator always saved the Republic.

The numerous plans of campaigns devised by General Beauregard, and minutely described by Colonel Roman in his work, seem to have been considered by the Government either as too bold, too perilous, or too deficient in feasibility. "But," as observes Colonel Roman, "war is essentially a contest of chances, and he who fears to encounter any risk, seldom accomplishes great results." I believe it was Frederic who said to his officers, assembled around him, "Gentlemen, in front of us are the Austrians. They are in an impregnable position; they are two to one, and yet I am going to attack them in violation of all the rules of war. If not victorious, you will see me alive no more." This was risky enough; but this man of iron had no cause to repent of his temerity, and of his having rashly violated "all the rules of war."

Under the walls of Rocroy, the French, commanded by Condé, then only twenty-one years old, met the famous Spanish infantry, who had been, for almost a century, the terror of Europe. The enemy

was superior in numbers, in discipline, in experience, and expected large reinforcements at any moment. The Prince was for attacking without loss of time, and he did so, notwithstanding the opposition of the council of war, who thought that it would be too risky. The battle was lost twice by the fault of subalterns and the misconception of orders, and twice re-established by the youthful Commander. But the French again began to waver and to retreat slowly, when Condé by a manœuvre, which, says the Duke d' Aumale, "had never been executed before, and never has been executed since"—so perilous it was, we presume—completely annihilated the Spanish army, and gained the first of that series of victories by which he is immortalized.

We do not share the opinion of those who think that General Beauregard may have been too obtrusive in presenting repeatedly so many plans of military operations to the Government, and in insisting on their adoption with too much confidence in himself. It was his duty, if he was convinced that his views were correct. His conduct is not without numerous precedents in history. The men who have accomplished the most on earth, and who have left their names imperishably engraved on its surface, had implicit and absolute faith in themselves, next to God, or to the gods. This was an invariable characteristic in those superior beings. Hence, nothing humbled by disaster and the unjust disregard of men, they still retained on their brows the imprint of dignity from an abiding faith in their own worth and in the correctness of their motives and designs. This is not the ignoble vanity or foolish imprudence of mediocrity. It is the consciousness of the possession of real innate powers, of self-relying genius, whose existence cannot be destroyed by the malignancy of the world, although its light may be kept concealed under a bushel by the mysterious decree of adverse fate.

We are convinced, after reading Colonel Roman's book, that General Beauregard had in himself the faith which we have described in others. It has been said, "that true modesty exists only in strong heads and great souls;" but certainly it cannot exclude from those "strong heads and great souls" the self-perception of what they are. General Beauregard undoubtedly believed, with that faith which removes mountains, that the military line of action which he recommended to the Government, if adopted, would save the Confederacy. What must then have been the agonies of his heart when he saw all his plans rejected, and a system of warfare pursued, which, in his opinion, would lead to infallible destruction! Whether he was right or wrong in his conceptions and recommendations on which we are

not competent to pass judgment *ex cathedra*, we cannot but sympathise with the keenness of his disappointment and the honesty of his patriotic grief. With such a deep-rooted conviction of the correctness of his views, it is perhaps not astonishing that he attributed the persistent neglect of them, and the treatment which he thought he received in other respects, to personal enmity from the Government which he was anxious to serve so zealously. We leave aside these grievances, whether real or fancied, as not coming within the scope of this essay.

Colonel Roman's "Military Operations of General Beauregard" is an important work. We feel personally indebted to him for the information which we have derived from its perusal. The style of his narrative, bating some repetitions which might have been spared, is all that the nature of his composition required. It is pure, elegant, lucid, and vigorously descriptive in more than one page. There is occasionally some pardonable vivacity of personal feelings, but always expressed in proper and dignified language. He has done full justice to his subject, which is no small achievement, for it is seldom that as much can be said of most writers. If his impartiality is questioned by some, we believe that his evident intention to be just will be acknowledged by all. His assertions and appreciations are based on documents which he puts on record as judicial evidence. Henceforth, of our civil war, it will be impossible to write the history without taking this valuable contribution to it into the most serious consideration.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

Reminiscences of Cavalry Operations.

By GEN. T. T. MUNFORD.

PAPER NO. 2.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, 19TH SEPTEMBER, '64.

My brigade was moved hurriedly from the right over to the left with Bretherd's old battery, and taken by General Fitz Lee across the Red Bud Creek to relieve the heavy pressure upon a part of General Bradley Johnson's cavalry, then skirmishing with the enemy. Johnson's troops were on the left of Evans' infantry brigade of Gordon's division. We were dismounted, and became engaged very quickly;

but a few well-directed shots from our horse artillery cleared our immediate front—General Fitz. Lee taking command of the whole line, Wickham of the division, I had the brigade. Our battery was moved up to the edge of a piece of timber ; to our front and right was an open plateau extending for several miles. Our battery was sheltered by timber on our left. The enemy's batteries were firing obliquely to our right at our infantry and their batteries (Carter's and Braxton's). A little more than a quarter of a mile to our right was "Ash Hollow," a water shed, a deep ravine in which the enemy had formed, and Rickett's division of the Sixth corps, and Grover's division of the Nineteenth corps, were debouching to attack—this was about 12 o'clock. General Fitz. Lee turned his artillery's guns upon this body of the enemy. The handling of our six guns of horse artillery was simply magnificent. Strange enough, the enemy's guns did not respond to these. Our cannoniers made their battery roar, sending their death-dealing messengers with a precision and constancy that made the earth around them seem to tremble, while their shot and shell made lanes in this mass of the enemy moving obliquely to their right to attack Evans' brigade.

General Early says in his narrative : "When they had appeared within musket range of Braxton and Carter's artillery, and were repulsed by the cannister from their batteries, Battle's brigade, of Rodes' division, moved forward and forced the enemy back." As they went back over the same ground over which they had marched to attack in great disorder, having been badly broken up, our battery, if possible, excelled itself, and a more murderous fire I never witnessed than was plunged into this heterogeneous mass as they rushed back. We could see the track of the shot and shell as they would scatter the men, but the lanes closed up for another to follow. The field was strewn with their dead and wounded before they got back from whence they started.

There was a little lull, and while we knew only a part of their army had been engaged, yet everything looked well for us ; this was about 1 P. M. A courier dashed up with orders for me to move the brigade quickly over to the right to reinforce Lomax. Wilson's division of cavalry had massed in his front and was threatening. We hurried along, passing in rear of our infantry line of battle, where hundreds of our wounded and dead were being taken to Winchester. *En route* a friend told me General R. E. Rodes had been killed. Dear friend of my youth, I had known him well and intimately at the Virginia Military Institute "in days lang syne." "No

truer knight ever flashed a blade or responded to bugle's note." A costly sacrifice to our army. And later in the evening, when we returned to the left, I learned that Colonel George S. Patton, my roommate for two years and classmate at the V. M. I., had also been killed. Like a chain in a family circle, a link falls out, others may come and take their seats; the missing link can never be forged again; that gap cannot be filled up.

On we move to join Lomax, near Abram's Creek, to the right of the Berryville pike. The enemy's battery welcomed us with shell, making our approach to Lomax in an open field very uncomfortable, and, as usual, some good men and horses went down under their fire. It is a grand sight to see masses of troops with glittering sabres or bayonets, and banners and guidons streaming; but the cracking, screaming and bursting of shells from the enemy's guns, over the heads of cavalry, and occasionally dropping in their midst, is never agreeable. I dismounted all the men I could spare from the led horses. They quickly collected all of the loose rock and rails near by, and in an astonishingly short time my men were stretched behind them, willing to take the chances. (Rock piles were very effective against carbine balls, but when a cannon ball and shell *hit* a rock pile it generally *cleared out* all behind it.) Then, as it often happened, when we felt *about fixed*, another courier came, in great haste, for me to move the brigade back to the left, as Averill and Torbert were coming in on the Martinsburg road, and had overpowered our small force of cavalry, and were seriously threatening our infantry, who had to change front to rectify our lines. To withdraw in the face of the enemy is always fraught with difficulties and dangers. It is certain to draw their fire with greater energy from their batteries, and is very apt to make them advance at once. Orders must be obeyed; the men would rather have remained and taken their chances, but back we must go. The men holding the horses were glad enough to see the command preparing to come and mount, for they had been shifting constantly to keep from the range of the enemy's artillery, who were constantly feeling for them. We had to get back slowly, allowing Lomax gradually to extend his old lines, and to relieve my men quietly, so as not to attract the enemy's attention. When everything was ready, back we went to mount, and soon had shell from the same battery shrieking after us. Out we moved, and met courier after courier, telling me to hurry up. Off we went at a trot, and when we reached the left things looked very ugly for us. General John C. Breckenridge and his staff were exert-

ing themselves to rectify our infantry lines. We could see our cavalry were moving up to meet a very large force who were coming down the pike. Two divisions of cavalry, Averill's and Torbert's, were now just ahead and in sight. Averill had sent a mounted regiment to take Fort Hill, to the north of Winchester, and a very commanding position to the west of the pike. General Early had no idea of allowing him to hold it, as that covered the pike below, and sent orders to me to take it and hold it. Up the hill we went and at them, followed by two guns of our horse artillery. We drove them from the hill, ran the two pieces in the fort, dismounted the First, Second and Fourth Virginia cavalry, giving the Third Virginia the protection of the led horses, and we had just gotten well into the fort when Averill charged to recapture it; but we gave them a rough welcome, and sent them back faster than they came up. A second charge was made with the same result, during which time our two guns had been doing splendid service. They had opened with such precision upon the cavalry below that it checked them. Looking below to our right we could see our infantry falling back rapidly and in some disorder, and our little battery was now to catch it. Three of the enemy's batteries from below opened upon us with a terrific fire. I ordered our guns to retire; they limbered up and had moved out, when a shell from the enemy's battery took off the head of one of our cannoniers. Sergeant Hawley, in charge of that piece, stopped it, and as it was shotted, unlimbered and fired it while the dead man was being strapped on the limberchest, and then moved off. A cavalry regiment charged us again feebly, but were repulsed. From my position I saw General Sheridan's army form in the plateau below us to the right, and looking to the southeast I could distinctly see Wilson's division of cavalry. Why this great body of horse were not hurled upon General Early's army is a mystery to me; why they did not run over my brigade is incomprehensible! I retired to the southwest through the outskirts of Winchester, but was not pressed, and when I arrived at Mill Creek, one mile south of Winchester, where I supposed we would be in the ugliest kind of a place, I got at within one hundred yards of Wilson's command before they saw us. I charged and drove those off in front of us. We exchanged a few shots and moved on and joined General Early at New Town. Our battery at the fort had done magnificent execution. Was it that our cavalry were in the fort dismounted that Sheridan could not get at us? Is not this a singular fact? General Early says "that Wickham's brigade covered

Ramseur's division, the only organized command in his infantry; yet in that manœuvre Ramseur had held in check Wilson's division, and my little brigade was the only force between Ramseur and Averill and Torbert; thus their three divisions of 11,000 cavalry: indeed more mounted men by double than Early had organized in the field, and yet they let us get away. They did not even press us. Let the military student take Pond's book and maps and see the battle-field and compare it with Early's narrative, and decide this matter in his own mind.

RETREAT UP THE LURAY VALLEY.

That night General Wickham sent my Brigade, that is the First, Second and Fourth Regiments (he retained the Third Virginia and the Battery) to Front Royal, to picket and guard the approaches from Winchester, so as to cover the Luray Valley road. I moved then, and was ready for the enemy at the three fords, and when they advanced at dawn we gave them a warm reception. My Brigade executed a manœuvre in tactics, which was a sharp test of the skill of its officers and the gallantry of its magnificent men. They had to pass three defiles from right to rear and left, in the face of a full division, flushed with the victory of the day before, and they did it successfully, with a loss of about ten or twelve men in killed and wounded, after a four hours' fight. I record it with pride, but give the glory to the privates who obeyed orders and executed them with magnificent spirit, well knowing the odds against them.

Had Sheridan shown any enterprise this magnificent body of heroes could have been hurried that night of the battle of Winchester up the Luray Valley pike, and the doom of Early's army was inevitable; indeed, Early's army should never have been allowed to go to Mill Creek the day of that battle.

At Front Royal there are three principal crossings or fords. The Shenandoah river runs east and the pike to Winchester cuts it at right angles. The Fourth Virginia was on the left of my line, the Second Virginia in the centre on the main Winchester pike, and the First Virginia on the lower ford on the extreme right. Our line reached about one-half mile, and our line of retreat was from right to left, and up the Luray pike. The loss of the ford held by the Fourth or Second would of course cut the First Virginia or Second Virginia off from that line. The Fourth and Second were instructed, when dismounted, to hold at all hazards until the First could be withdrawn,

then the Second and Fourth would retire. We had fortified as cavalry generally do, but the infantry had "*fixed*" the fords for their use. At early dawn Wilson's division moved up the Winchester pike and made a dash at the ford, but were repulsed. Fortunately for us, a very heavy fog had settled over the river. One could not see fifty steps ahead, but could *hear* everything. A second attempt was made to charge and carry this ford, but they were in turn repulsed; indeed, the pickets kept up such a fusillade that Wilson dismounted a considerable force and tried to drive them off. That did not succeed. He then sent to the other fords, hoping to carry them and sweep up the river and come in the rear of the Second, forcing the First. After some sharp skirmishing they fell back up the river on the Second Virginia. They were placed, supported by the reserve of the Second, and when the head of the enemy's column arrived opposite to my men—we could hear their commands, but they could not see us—Captain C. F. Jordan, of the First Virginia, charged with his squadron, backed by Lieutenant R. C. Wilson, of the Second Virginia, with his, and scattered the head of the enemy's column. The reserve of the Second held its position while Capt. John O. Lasslie, of the Second, moved up to relieve the dismounted men of the Third, Capt. Jesse Irvine's squadron. (They had been receiving a concentrated fire from the enemy's main column, who had hoped to hold these men until their people could take them in the rear.) Capt. Lasslie's mounted squadron was accompanied by the led horses of Capt. Irvine's squadron. The enemy's fire was very severe and Capt. Lasslie and two of his men were killed, holding the ford while the dismounted men ran out and mounted. Displaying Irvine's company mounted, we fell back. In the meantime the sun was well up and the fog was fast disappearing; and up and at us moved two columns that had been attacked by Jordan. The Fourth Virginia were being pressed and we moved back and joined them. By this time the fog was gone, and our little handful was in full view of Wilson's division, now crossing in force. Wickham had come up and was waiting at the mouth of the Luray Valley road with Payne's Brigade, the Third Virginia, and Brethead's battery of horse artillery. We fell back up the Luray Valley, skirmishing all the way. Some several weak charges were attempted by the enemy, but without any real advantages to them or loss to us. Wickham moved back to Gorny Run and formed his line, and there remained for the day and night. There were the cavalry "in poor condition" which Sheridan had so guilelessly said "he could not get at." This trouble

seemed to have followed him until our great disaster at Tom's Brook, where by Rosser's rashness we were entrapped, and lost more in that one fight than we had ever done before, in all of our fights together. (I refer to material, not men.)

On page 176, Pond's book, we find the following :

"The night of the 21st he sent this dispatch (Sheridan to Grant). 'Gen. Wilson's cavalry division charged the enemy at Front Royal pike this morning and drove them from Front Royal up the Luray Valley for a distance of six miles. I directed two brigades of the First Cavalry Division, with General Wilson's division, to follow the enemy up the Luray valley and to push them vigorously.'"

Pond says, page 178: "Unfortunately Torbert did not succeed in driving Wickham's cavalry from its strong defensive position at Millford, and hence the portion of Sheridan's plan which contemplated cutting off the enemy's retreat by seizing the pike at New Market was not carried out.

"On the 21st Torbert had moved through Front Royal into the Luray Valley with the divisions of Merritt and Wilson, excepting Devins's brigade of Merritt's division, which had been left to guard the rear of the army at Cedar Creek. He found Wickham, with his own and Payne's brigades, posted on the south side of Gorny Run. At 2 A. M. of the 22d Custer's brigade was sent back across the South Fork with orders, says Torbert, to march around the enemy's flank to his rear, as he seemed too strong to attack in front; but Torbert, on moving forward at daylight, found the enemy had retreated to a still stronger position on the south side of Millford creek, with his left on the Shenandoah and his right on a knob of the Blue Ridge, occupying a short and compact line. The banks of the creek seemed to Torbert too precipitous for a direct attack, and 'not knowing,' he says, 'that the army had made an attack at Fisher's Hill, and thinking that the sacrifice would be too great to attack without that knowledge, I concluded to withdraw to a point opposite McCoy's Ford.' On the 23d Wilson crossed McCoy's Ford, and Merritt went back through Front Royal, where he skirmished with Mosby during the afternoon. 'News was received of the victory at Fisher's Hill and directions to make up the Luray Valley.' Both divisions at once moved forward and bivouacked at Millford creek, which the enemy had evacuated."

NOTE.—[Sheridan to Grant] September 23d: "Its operations [the cavalry] up the Luray Valley, on which I calculated so much, was an entire failure. They were held at Millford by two small brigades

of Fitz. Lee's division, and then fell back towards Front Royal, until after they learned of our success at Fisher's Hill. Had they been able to move the day before across the South Fork through Massanutten Gap, a powerful body of horse would have been in the rear of the enemy upon their line of retreat; but Early was fully alive to this danger and had guarded against it with Wickham's force."

A powerful body of horse were held by two small brigades whom Sheridan has already said he could not get at, and that they were in a poor condition!

On page 190 Pond says: "After the cavalry action at Millford on the 22d, Early had sent in haste for a brigade of Wickham's force to join him at New Market, through the Massanutten Gap. Torbert fell upon the other brigade, Payne's, drove it from Millford, compelled it to retreat again near Luray, Custer capturing about seventy prisoners; thence crossing through the Massanutten Gap to New Market, he proceeded up the pike to Harrisonburg, while Powell's cavalry had gone forward to Mount Crawford."

These are the facts according to my recollection.

The morning after General Early's retreat from Fisher's Hill, he sent for a brigade of Wickham's command. When that order came two divisions of the enemy's "powerful horse" were active and demonstrating in our front, hoping to do what Sheridan had *suggested* and ordered, and which they should and could have done had they been willing to make the costly "sacrifice" to accomplish it. The idea of two divisions, six thousand strong, of magnificently mounted cavalry, allowing two skeleton brigades and a battery "in poor condition" to hold them for three days, needs no commentary. When our cavalry was in condition, General J. E. B. Stuart carried it wherever General R. E. Lee sent him, and left very few of them behind. The cavalry that Sheridan had should have been able to go from one end of Virginia to the other at will, and would have gone had Hampton had them! I have digressed. Wickham left me in command and went in person to see General Early, across the mountain. In his route he met couriers, and sent them to me to move with my brigade and join him; but Torbert was now very active, and doing his best to move my command. I knew, with his numbers, if he once got us started, I could do nothing, and determined to hold the advantage I now possessed, and replied to Wickham by the same couriers that it would not be safe to General Early; that Early could not know what was in our front, and that I would not move under present pressure; that as long as we could hold this part of the enemy's cavalry, Early was

safe. Torbert, running out his artillery, commenced a furious shelling, which our battery answered with vigor. His men demonstrated heavily in front of Payne, whose men were at the bridge, and they moved up in our front as if they intended to assault my lines. Payne repulsed those in front of him, and our rifles opened from behind stumps, rocks, and rail piles and trees with such a ringing fire, back they all went. This was being kept up so long I began to suspect something, and sent Captain Thomas Whitehead, of Company E, Second Virginia cavalry, to my extreme right with a scout, who soon notified me by courier that a considerable force (he thought a brigade) were making around across the mountain to turn our position. My line had already been stretched to its greatest tension; our led horses had consumed one-fourth of the command. I was in conversation with Major Brethead when this information was brought me; I asked him if he felt safe with his battery, if I moved the squadron in his front, and over whose heads his guns were firing? He smiled and said: "If 'Billy' (Colonel Payne) can hold that bridge—and it looks like he is going to do it—I'll put a pile of cannister near my guns, and all h—l will never move me from this position. I'll make a horizontal shot turn in full blast for them to come through; you need not be afraid of my guns." Just then the enemy repeated their feint again. I withdrew Captain Strother, of the Fourth Virginia, with his squadron, and gave him the buglers of the First, Second and Fourth regiments, and directed him to move his men, dismounted, quickly on the ridge parallel to the ravine in the woods the enemy were working around to get down behind us, this squadron to be deployed at about fifteen paces interval, and the buglers to be in their rear about regimental distance apart, with orders that whenever my headquarters' bugle sounded the advance they were to echo the same notes, one following the other. This little ruse acted just as I hoped. They had hardly gotten to the point before Whitehead's rifles could be heard falling back. When these troops arrived opposite Strother, his rifles opened sharply; I had the bugle for the advance sounded, and it was responded to in turn by the other three. The echo up the crags and cliffs pealed and reverberated; on our sharpshooters moved, and at the second blast from the bugles back started this column. As some of my men were now in their rear and on their flank, back they went in a hurry. Torbert continued to be active until Custer returned, when they withdrew and went back to Front Royal, as has already been described by Pond. Finding that they had withdrawn, I withdrew, leaving Colonel Payne with his brigade. (At that time

Payne was the Colonel of the Fourth Virginia cavalry of my brigade, detailed to command Lomax's old brigade. Later Payne was commissioned Brigadier-General, and for gallant services which had been well won, given that brigade.) I moved back with my brigade to join Wickham, whom I met at the gap at the top of the mountain. It was then too late to get to Early, as his infantry had passed New Market. We could see that he was retiring in line of battle, and Sheridan following him in line. Wickham was much excited, and wanted to know "why I had not promptly obeyed his orders." He had been momentarily expecting me to join him, and as the enemy were getting too close to New Market for us to gain that place, he was uneasy lest we be caught up on the mountain. Explaining what had occurred, he promptly accepted it as the best that could have been done under the circumstance, *especially* as the enemy had retired.

We countermarched, and moved back down the mountain and turned up towards Luray, having gone a mile or more, when couriers came dashing up, saying the enemy had returned in force and had run over Payne's little command, and that he was being pressed. Fortunately for Payne, he was able to get back beyond the road that passed through the Massanutten Gap, which the enemy was now making for. Their main body pushed over that route, and only a part of it followed us. We halted and had some skirmishing, but no serious engagement. We had been continuously engaged since the battle of Winchester, our wagons had gone up the main Staunton pike with General Early's train, and we were getting very short of ammunition and had been *pinched* for rations for men and horses; yet our men were cheerful and ready and willing to do all that in them lay. On the 25th we moved up to near Port Republic, where we joined General Early. There we again met the enemy's cavalry, and with them had some sharp skirmishing. General Early was now expecting reinforcements.

FIGHT AT WAYNESBORO'.

On the 28th they had arrived, and he was now ready again to take the offensive, and sent me across the South Fork of the Shenandoah river over towards the Staunton pike. General Gordon's infantry followed. We found the position of the enemy, and from where we were we could see the enemy's artillery in park in the direction of and near Weir's Cave. I placed two of

our guns in position to open on this part of their artillery which was now expecting our approach and was moving around to get in a piece of woods to attack. General Wickham arriving after we had started, ordered our guns to open before we had gotten near enough to accomplish anything, and the first shot from that gun had about the same effect that a stick in the hands of a mischievous boy, near enough to stir up a nest of wasps, would have had: they swarmed out and very soon were ready for us. Moving over to the Staunton pike, we soon learned that Wilson's division and Lowell's brigade had been sent to Staunton and Waynesboro' to destroy the iron railroad bridge at the latter place. General Wickham ordered me to move with my brigade to Waynesboro' and attack, saying General Pegram's brigade would follow me. Captain McClung's company of the First Virginia regiment came from this county—Augusta. I moved up to within half a mile of the enemy's pickets facing down the Valley, the direction they would expect us, and making a detour by a blind road used years before for the hauling of charcoal, passing in and around the foot-hills; this brought me out about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the tunnel through the mountain, and between it and the railroad bridge, upon which the enemy were at work.

Two companies of boys and reserves from Staunton and Waynesboro, with a battery, had fallen back in front of Wilson's command to the mouth of the tunnel. Their pieces had been withdrawn to the top of the mountain. I sent a scout forward, who cut off the enemy's vidette and captured it. We had to wait a little time for our artillery to come up. The blind road was filled with fallen trees and logs, but that splendid battery could follow the cavalry anywhere, and overcome any reasonable obstacle. When well up, the First Virginia cavalry was dismounted and sent down the Chesapeake and Ohio railroads towards Waynesboro and the bridge over the Shenandoah. The Fourth Virginia, mounted, was ordered to charge the enemy's reserve picket. Capt. Johnston, commanding the battery (a gallant officer), was ordered to move up at a trot and occupy an elevated piece of ground with his guns, while the Third and Second, dismounted, supporting it and the Fourth Virginia. They were all pushed over across the Charlottesville and Staunton pike, south of and parallel with the railroad. This was promptly executed, and immediately after the move was started, the enemy started back. (Coming in behind their picket from the opposite direction from

which we were expected was a complete surprise, which advantage I pressed, and was heartily seconded by the whole command. Prisoners captured told me they supposed it was Hampton's command, from Gen. Lee's army, as we had come from the direction of Charlottesville, and they had heard that morning that General Early had been reinforced from Richmond). Captain Johnson's battery was handled with great skill. He opened on the working party attempting to pull the bridge to pieces with splendid effect. They scattered and started back at a run, and as long as there was a mark to fire at, east of Waynesboro, his guns blazed at it. Arriving at the river, the First, Second and Third were mounted, but the Fourth had pushed on, and had some sharp skirmishing in the town before the other regiments came up. Upon their arrival we soon cleared the town, and Johnson's battery took position on the west end and was having a sharp duel with the enemy's battery. This was after sun-down, when Gen. Early with his infantry appeared on their flank, and with a few shots from the artillery attached to Gen. Pegram's infantry brigade, they started to retire, and after night moved rapidly back through Staunton to join their own army.

In this spirited little fight of my brigade Gen. Early had accomplished all he had expected and saved the bridge from serious damage. The conduct of the whole command—officers and soldiers and the battery—was all that could have been desired. I was especially indebted to Capt. Henry C. Lee, Adjutant and Inspector General of the brigade, and Rev. Randolph McKim, chaplain of the Second Virginia Cavalry, now a distinguished divine of the Episcopal Church, diocese of New York City, who acted as my aid-de-camp with great spirit.

In this engagement Capt. Geo. N. Bliss, commanding a squadron of Rhode Island cavalry, a Federal officer, who fell into my hands, behaved with such conspicuous gallantry, strikingly in contrast with the conduct of his command, I take pleasure in making a note of it. Seeing how small a number we had, he urged his Colonel to charge the Fourth Virginia cavalry as it entered the main street of Waynesboro. (So he told me in conversation when a prisoner in our hands after the fight.) The Colonel ordered him to charge. He moved forward, flashed his sabre, and dashed ahead, he being well mounted. His men started all right, but began to falter and stopped. He, without turning his head to look after them, dashed on at the head and into the Fourth Virginia cavalry, single handed, and

was cut down, but not until he had made several very ugly cuts with his sabre upon the men of the Fourth, and fell bleeding from his horse. His gallantry won the admiration of my men, and, as he was recognized as a Mason, and seemed to be a sort of a "head devil" among that fraternity, Capt. Henry Lee of my staff took him in charge, treated him kindly, and reported him "all right and accounted for." (Lee being a Mason.) The Masons—of which body I was not a member—seemed to be active in my brigade, and frequently seemed interested in people that I did not appreciate as they did.

Operations in Front of Petersburg June 24th, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL HAGOOD.

H'D'QRS HAGOOD'S S. C. BRIGADE,
HOKE'S DIVISION, June 26th, 1864.

Capt. Otey, A. A. G.:

CAPTAIN,—I am required to make a full report of the operations of my command in front of Petersburg on the morning of the 24th inst.:

My Brigade occupied the left of our line of entrenchments, resting on the south bank of the Appomattox, the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh Regiments filling the space from the river to the City Point road, and the Twenty-fifth and Seventh battalions extending along the lines south of the road. The enemy's entrenchments were at this point, parallel to ours, at a distance of about four hundred yards—an open field, with a rank growth of oats upon it, intervening. Each side had slight rifle-pits a short distance in advance of its first line of entrenchments. Our line of entrenchments was single. The enemy was entrenched in three lines close together, and the attack developed the fact that four and a half regiments, numbering some 1,600 or 1,700 men, occupied their first line.

My division commander, Major General Hoke, about dawn on the 24th, informed me that a general engagement was contemplated that day, and gave me detailed instructions as to the part my brigade was to take in bringing it on. He had, the night before, given me direc-

tion to be ready for movement at daylight. A heavy cannonade was to be opened from the north side of the river upon the enemy's position, and five minutes after it had ceased I was to charge the portion of the enemy's line between the river and the City Point road, with Twenty-seventh, Twenty-first and Eleventh regiments, and informed that I would be closely supported by Anderson's brigade.

When we had succeeded in driving them from their first line, Anderson was to occupy it till *his* support arrived, when he was to press on against their second and third lines, while, pivoting my three regiments, already spoken of, on their right, and bringing up the other two regiments of the brigade, I was to form my line along the City Point road, perpendicular to my first position. Then, taking the enemy's first line as a directrix, I was to clear Colquitt's front (on my right) as far as and including Hare's Hill, &c., &c.

While General Hoke was still explaining the plan of battle to me, Lieutenant Andrews reported to me from General Anderson, stating that the latter was in position, and had sent him to keep in communication with me. In consultation with General Hoke my plan of attack was settled and every preparation made.

The artillery opened precisely at 7 A. M. and ceased precisely at 7.30 A. M. At 7.20 A. M. I sent Lieut. Andrews to say to General Anderson that I would move in fifteen minutes. He left me with speed. A delay of seven minutes, however, occurred in my movements, and at precisely 7.42 A. M. I advanced. I am, so far, thus accurate as to time, because I did not see my supports, did not know their precise locality, and being governed in my instructions by time, noticed the watch closely.

My advance was made with four hundred picked men and officers as skirmishers, followed by the balance of the three regiments (about five hundred and fifty men) in a second deployed line at close supporting distance. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson (Seventh battalion) was selected to command the skirmishers. I took the direction of the main line.

The attack was made. The enemy were driven from their rifle-pits, without resistance of moment. Their first line of entrenchments was gained, and a portion of it captured. Some thirty prisoners were here taken and sent to the rear, and the enemy's whole line was seriously shaken, his men in numbers running from the works. Discovering our small force and the attack not being followed up, his first line rallied and reinforcements were rapidly pushed up from his

rear, and we were compelled to fall back. This was done slowly and the enemy endeavoring to charge us, was driven back into his works. My men, under orders, laid down in the oats about half way between the two hostile entrenchments to await Anderson's advance and then go with him. Numbers of them, however, got back as far as our rifle-pits before spoken of, and were allowed to remain there with the same orders as the more advanced line. None of them came back to our entrenchments, except the few skulkers whom every attack develops, and in this instance I am pleased to say that they were very few.

How much time was occupied in these movements I am unable to say accurately, as I did not look at my watch again. When the vigor of my attack was broken, however, and my men had begun to fall back, the left of Benning's brigade, moving by a flank, reached the right of the entrenchments I had left in advancing, and there stopped. A discussion between Major-Generals Hoke and Field took place, and after some delay this brigade moved in and was ready to advance. General Anderson's report will explain the delay in his arrival. The report of Lieutenant-Colonel Dubose, commanding Benning's brigade, will show the time of his arrival and the then condition of affairs. Major-General Hoke was on the ground during the whole morning and can speak of his personal knowledge.

The order for attack being countermanded, I kept out all day as many of my men as the rifle-pits would hold, withdrawing the rest by squad. At night all were withdrawn and the regiments reorganized. My loss was about a third of the force engaged, twenty-five being killed, seventy-three wounded, and two hundred and eight missing. Among the missing are, I fear, many killed and wounded who fell nearest the enemy's entrenchments.

The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson is missing, it is hoped not killed. Captain Axson, Twenty-seventh regiment, was killed at the head of his company. Lieutenants Huguenin and Trim, of the Twenty-seventh; Lieutenants Chappell, Ford and Vauduford, Twenty-first, and Lieutenant Smith, Eleventh, were wounded. Captains Mulvaney and Buist were captured upon the enemy's works, *the latter after receiving two wounds*.* Captain Rayson and Lieutenant Riley, Eleventh regiment; Lieutenant White, Twenty-seventh regi-

*A mistake.

ment, and Lieutenant Clements, Twenty-first, are missing. I append a tabular list of casualties.

Respectfully,

JOHNSON HAGOOD, *B. G.*

COMMAND.	COMMANDER.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
		Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	
Seventh Battalion S. C. V.....	Captain Jones.....					1		1		1
Eleventh Regiment S. C. V.....	Captain Mickler.....	14	1	27	2	43	3	84		87
Twenty-sixth Regiment S. C. V....	Captain Wilds.....	3	4	18	1	49	5	70		75
Twenty-fifth Regiment S. C. V.....	Colonel Simonton.									
Twenty-seventh Regiment S. C. V..	Captain Bulst.....	1	7	2	20	3	110	6	187	143
Grand Total.....		1	24	7	65	7	202	16	291	306

REPORT OF GENERAL HOKE.

HEADQUARTERS HOKE'S DIVISION,
July 2d, 1864.

Captain :

In obedience to orders from Department Headquarters, I respectfully report that a plan of an attack upon the enemy was settled upon on June 23d, 1864, to take place on the following morning; which plan is fully known to the Commanding General. On the night of the 23d General Hagood was made sufficiently familiar with the mode of attack to make the necessary arrangements. No other officer of my command was aware of the intended advance. This precaution was taken fearing that by some means the enemy might learn our intentions and prepare for us. In accordance with the plan my arrangements were made, which are fully and properly given in the enclosed report of Brigadier-General Hagood.

Dividing my forces on the left of the City Point road into two heavy skirmish lines, one to be supported by the other, the whole to be supported by Brigadier-General Anderson's brigade, of Field's division, I formed in line of battle in rear of the entrenchments then

occupied by Hagood's left, and under cover of the hill. As was directed, the artillery from the batteries on the north side of the river opened fire upon the entrenchments of the enemy as soon as the morning's mist had cleared away, and continued its fire with great accuracy, but no execution, for half an hour. After the lapse of five minutes the fire of these guns was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing, in a great degree, their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by our guns. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by the use of our guns, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack. My intention was to attack immediately after our guns opened upon the enemy's batteries, but as General Anderson had not reported I delayed, and immediately one of his staff officers appeared, by whom General Anderson was informed that in fifteen minutes the advance would certainly take place, which would give him time to reach the entrenchments then occupied by General Hagood. At the appointed time the advance was ordered, and immediately the second line followed. The first line gallantly entered the entrenchments of the enemy and did their duty nobly, and, as was witnessed by General Lee himself, succeeded not only in breaking the enemy, but drove them from their works.

It was never expected that the entrenchments of the enemy could be held by these two lines of skirmishers, but that they should occupy them until the line of battle could reach them. As was before stated, the second line of skirmishers followed immediately the first, but was not allowed to go beyond the line of rifle-pits, as it was discovered that the supporting line of battle had not appeared, and had they gone on would have shared the fate of the first line. I then asked Major-General Field, who was upon the ground, to order Anderson forward, as a moment's delay would be fatal. He immediately sent the order, which had been previously sent, to General Anderson to go forward. (It is proper here for me to state that this was my third effort to get General Anderson forward after my first notice to him that "in fifteen minutes I would certainly move forward.")

Some time after General Field's second order was sent to General Anderson he received a note from him stating that the entrenchments were still occupied by General Hagood's troops. In this he was greatly mistaken, as will be seen by General Hagood's report, and if necessary to prove this mistake, I can produce a statement from Colonel Dubose, commanding Benning's brigade (who by this time had moved up in line of battle on the right of General Anderson's posi-

tion, and after reaching the trenches moved by the left flank down them and occupied the position which Anderson was to have taken, and then in his front), that there were no troops in the trenches apart from some stragglers, of which I am sure no command is free. After some time, I suppose an hour, Major-General Field put two brigades in the trenches on the left of the City Point road, with a view to attack, and seemed anxious to do so, but I advised against it, as the enemy had had ample time to make all preparations for us, and which they had done, I felt assured he would sustain a very heavy loss and accomplish nothing. At this time orders were received from General Lee for me to report to him in company with Major-General Field, who abandoned the attack after hearing the position of affairs. My troops were not able to return until night, as they would have been exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy from their entrenchments, which were about four hundred yards in advance of those occupied by our men. A report of the casualties has been forwarded. I was much troubled at the loss of my men, who did their duty truly and well, without results which to me appeared certain, and surely ought to have been reaped. It is not my desire to place blame or responsibility upon others (I fear neither) in making the foregoing statements, but merely give facts to the best of my knowledge, after which the Commanding General may draw his own conclusions. I have unofficially heard that both I and my command were censured by the Commanding General. My regret is in attempting the attack without full command of all the forces who were to participate. Both the plan of battle and of attack were good, but failed in the execution. The enemy became extremely uneasy along his entire line when the attack was made, and had we been successful at that point our results would have been such as have not heretofore been equalled. No other portion of my command was engaged except the three regiments of Hagood's brigade on the left of the City Point road, whose action is given in detail in the enclosed report. The plan of battle was such that no part of my command could participate except those mentioned. General Hagood did everything in his power to give us success, and desired to push forward when in my judgment it appeared hazardous.

Very respectfully.

[Signed]

R. F. HOKE, *Major-General.*

To Captain John M. Oley, A. A. G.

Copy of Endorsement made by General Beauregard on Major-General Hoke's Report of the action of his Command on June 24th, 1864.

[Respectfully forwarded to General R. E. Lee for his information.]

It will be seen by the reports of Generals Hoke and Hagood that they are not responsible for the failure of the attack of the 24th ult., which would have been undoubtedly successful had the supports advanced in time. General Hoke is mistaken, if he refers to me, when he says: "I have learned unofficially that I and my command were censured by the Commanding General." I stated only that "the success would have been most brilliant if the skirmishers had been properly supported." His report and that of General Hagood prove the correctness of my assertion.

General Hoke says on the second page of his report, "after an elapse of five minutes, the fire of the guns—*i. e.*, forty-four guns on the north side of the Appomattox—was directed upon the batteries of the enemy, drawing, in a great degree, their fire from the advancing infantry, which, as far as I could see, was the only service rendered by our guns. Indeed, I fear we were injured more than we gained by the use of our guns, as it notified the enemy of our intended attack."

The object of opening the fire of the batteries referred to, during half an hour preceding the infantry attack, was to demoralize the enemy's troops occupying the defensive lines which were to be attacked, and which were enfiladed and taken in reverse of those batteries. It was expected, also, that the heavy artillery fire would throw into confusion any supports the enemy might have concealed in the woods near his lines. The best proof of the entire success of this plan is the facility with which *one unsupported* line of skirmishers got possession of those lines with the loss of only twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded. I am decidedly of the opinion that, regard being had to locality and the attending circumstances, no better results could have been attained by any other plan than the one adopted, and which failed only because not properly supported.

[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

Headquarters Department N. C. and S. V., July 5, 1864.

Official:

JNO. A. COOPER, *A. A. A. G.*

"The Gallant Pelham" and His Gun at Fredericksburg.

LETTER FROM MAJOR H. B. MCCLELLAN.

REV. J. WM. JONES, D. D.,

Secretary of the Southern Historical Society:

Dear Sir,—My attention has recently been called to a publication entitled "*Contributions to a History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, Pamphlet No. 3,*" which contains, on page 58, a letter from Reuben B. Pleasants, Sergeant of the Second company, in which the claim is made that the praise which was bestowed by General R. E. Lee, General J. E. B. Stuart, and by others, upon Major John Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, for the gallantry with which he fought one Napoleon gun upon the extreme Confederate right, at the opening of the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, really belongs to a gun of the second company of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, which was served by Sergeant Pleasants himself.

I make the following extracts from Sergeant Pleasants's letter. He says:

"Soon after the war, I read a volume of 'so-called' history, written, I think, by Howison, in which was an account of the gallant conduct of Pelham's artillery in the battle of Fredericksburg, ascribing to Pelham and his command what was really the work of the first detachment of our old Second company, even crediting our killed and wounded to the Horse Artillery."

"Subsequently, I read substantially the same in General Lee's report of the engagement. I have also read allusions of the same tenor in articles contributed to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

"I have, at each repetition of the error, thought I would write something for publication, giving the truth of this affair (which all seem to think so gallant and glorious), but until now neglected to do so.

"General Alexander says (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Nos. 10 and 11 of Volume X, page 446), that 'Lieutenant Pelham, of Alabama, approached close upon the enemy's left flank with only two guns, and so punished his line of battle that the advance was checked until Pelham could be driven off, an operation which it took four batteries an hour to accomplish.'

"Now, on that morning after an all-night march with Jackson's corps, from near Port Royal, our battery, with a number of other

batteries, was put in position below the line of hills on which Fredericksburg is located. We were advanced by half-battery to the front, firing at our 'level best' as we went forward. As we advanced, ours being the right section of the right battery, Captain Watson was approached by two mounted officers, one of whom I recognized as General J. E. B. Stuart, and the other, as I learned afterwards, being Colonel Rosser, who, after saluting our Captain, said to him: 'We are instructed to get a gun from your battery for special duty,' or words to that effect.

"Captain Watson ordered the first gun to 'limber up' and report to the two officers. Being Sergeant of the first detachment, I limbered to the rear, reported to the officers, and was ordered to follow them. Well do I remember the chase they gave us across fields and ditches, without a halt anywhere, and at a long trot all the way.

"We finally got into a sunken road, with a 'wattling' fence on either side, and lined with cedars. Down this road we went for some distance, with no idea whatever of our destination.

"We were halted in the narrow road, and ordered to make an opening in the fence. This was soon done, and a few spadefulls of earth thrown into the ditch made a passage-way.

"Colonel Rosser then told me to go up into the field and see what I had to do. I rode up with Halyburton, who was Orderly at the time, but had begged to be allowed to go with his old detachment, and so was with me, and found that we were on the extreme left flank of the Army of the Potomac. A battery was in position, commanding the field we were about to enter.

"Colonel Rosser told me to take any distance I chose to fight them, and in answer to my question as to how long I was expected to stay, said, 'As long as you can.' I asked, 'Until we are out of ammunition?' He answered, 'Yes' I have often thought he never expected us to get away from there.

"We pulled into the field and were seen, and were met by a salute from the enemy's guns; but the way we put whip and spur to our teams, and ran upon them, seemed to unsettle their aim, and we got into position about five hundred yards in their front. Then we returned the salute; and if you ever saw Sam Green shoot, you know he did his best.

"General Stuart and Colonel Rosser remained with us awhile (I think the latter's horse was wounded there), but soon left, and there we were, a gun detachment without even a straggling cavalryman

for support, and there we staid as long as we had a round, although, soon after we got into position, they opened on us with thirty-two pounders from across the Rappahannock. The nearest shot from these struck about thirty yards from our left.' "

I omit portions of this letter, which seem to reflect unnecessarily upon the Horse Artillery, and which might provoke an angry retort from a member of that organization. But I desire to place in close juxtaposition some extracts from a letter written (not twenty years after the battle, but four days after it), by Lieutenant Channing Price, at that time aid-de-camp to General Stuart. Lieutenant Price was, before his promotion to General Stuart's staff, a member of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion. This letter was addressed to his mother, by whose kindness such of her son's letters, as might aid me in writing the story of General Stuart's campaigns, have been placed in my hands. Lieutenant Price writes thus in describing the events of the 13th December, 1862:

"I then galloped out to where General Stuart was [at the junction of the Bowling Green and Hamilton's Crossing roads], and there Major Pelham had come up with one gun of Harvey's Horse Artillery. The enemy were in dense masses, advancing straight towards our line of battle, and Pelham was exactly on their left flank with his gun, with no support whatever. He opened on them with solid shot, and though most of them went amongst the infantry, one blew up a caisson for the Yankees. They now opened about fifteen or twenty guns on Pelham; but he had splendid shelter for his gun, and only had one man wounded, I think. He kept up his fire until he was ordered to cease, so that they might come up closer to our line. Not a gun on our long line, from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, had yet fired, only Pelham with his Napoleon, and soon afterwards a Blakley, nearer the railroad. General Lee expressed his warm admiration for Major Pelham's distinguished gallantry, but said that the young Major-General (alluding to Stuart) had opened on them too soon."

After describing the repulse of the enemy by Jackson's troops, and the renewal of the attack by the Federal troops, Lieutenant Price continues:

"A Parrott Gun of the Second Howitzers and one of the Powhatan battery, now crossed the Bowling Green road and opened a very destructive fire on their flank, under the direction of Colonel Rosser, Major Pelham commanding the others * * * *

* * * * Galloping to the General I

found him looking on with his usual coolness. He soon started towards the crossing, and on our way met the two Parrots I have mentioned above, leaving the field. The General was very much displeased at first, but Colonel Rosser made matters all right, by telling him that it was useless to stay there, a great many horses having been killed, men wounded, and ammunition nearly exhausted."

Other portions of Lieutenant Price's letter show how warm an affection he cherished for his old comrades of the Howitzer Battalion, and how impossible it would have been for him to misrepresent their conduct or to ascribe to any other the credit which was due to them.

Sergeant Pleasants says, in another part of his letter :

"I believe our dear old General, had he lived and had he known, would have corrected the error in his report."

Now, any error in General Lee's report must have arisen from wrong information furnished by his subordinate commanders, and in this case the information must have come from General Stuart. But the latter is relieved from this charge by the fact that he made no report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Moreover there is abundant evidence to show that Major Pelham's fight was made under the very eyes of Generals Lee and Jackson, who were both present on the extreme right of the Confederate line at that time. General Lee writes as an eye-witness, when he says :

"As soon as the advance of the enemy was discovered through the fog, General Stuart, with his accustomed promptness, moved up a section of his Horse Artillery, which opened with effect upon his flank and drew upon the gallant Pelham a heavy fire, which he sustained unflinchingly for about two hours."

Aside from all this, there is one sentence in Sergeant Pleasants's letter, which, at once and conclusively, shows that he has made a mistake. He says that when his gun was detached to follow General Stuart and Colonel Rosser, "*We were advanced by half battery to the front, firing at our 'level best' as we went forward.*" That is, his gun was not detached until the engagement of the artillery had become general along the line. Now, Channing Price says that where Pelham was engaged with Henry's Napoleon, "*not a gun on our long line, from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, had yet*

fired; only Pelham, with his Napoleon, and soon afterwards a Blakely, nearer the railroad."

Every report of the battle confirms this statement. It is, therefore, very plain that Sergeant Pleasants's gallant detachment must have served one of the other guns which are particularized by Channing Price, and that the honor which has for so long a time been ascribed to Pelham and his Napoleon, cannot yet be given to another.

H. B. McCLELLAN.

Lexington, Ky.. November 18th, 1884.

The Monument at Munfordsville.

[We promised in our last to publish the addresses on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument at Munfordsville on the 17th of last September, and we are sure that our readers will be glad to have this worthy record of a graceful act, commemorating heroic deeds.]

MR. JAMES SMITH'S REMARKS.

Major Sykes,—In requesting you to aid my daughter, and who is also a daughter of Mississippi, in this ceremonial unveiling, permit me to say that my strong desire has ever been to have the opportunity and the ability to place an imperishable mark on this field, the scene of as severe and heart-rending a struggle as ever occurred, and it gratifies me to see now this great stone firmly placed and durable as man can accomplish. It gratifies me, it gratifies those relatives and friends of Colonel Smith who are here from abroad to meet you and to meet so many of his compatriots from far distant parts of this land on this interesting occasion.

It is not for me to venture eulogium on him whose name is inscribed on this monument. I brought the youth from his native land straight to Mississippi. As he grew to manhood, his respect and affection for the generous and kindly people he had been thrown amongst grew with him. He was in his nature studious and mathematical. He watched with close interest the troubles from outside that were pressing his residential land. His most intimate historical knowledge was with his native Scotland's long and sore, but stern and ultimately successful struggle to preserve her integrity, and his impulse and judgment clearly fixed his action in the same vital emer-

gency which came at last upon his adopted State. Without hesitation, his military company, "The Mississippi Rifles," was among the first to enter service, and under his command it formed the first military escort of the President of the Confederate States when that great chief was called from his plantation to take the reins of Government. From that time onward, in camp, on the march or in action, until he fell in this disastrous field where we now stand, I feel that I am right in believing that fullest faith in his reliability was the possession of his superior, and that he had the unlimited confidence and love of every man of his command.

His much devoted sister sought her weary and dangerous way over many hundred miles, through the lines of opposing armies, obtained his body and carried it back to his Mississippi home, and it has ever been and still is, a solace to his venerable father and relatives and friends abroad to know of the high esteem in which Colonel Smith was held by his companions in arms and by his State, and of the poignant regrets at his loss so truly exhibited by all who knew him.

His regiment, the ever glorious "Tenth Mississippi," has an undying history of achievement and struggles, but none more sanguinary than the field of Munfordsville, an exhibition of patriotic discipline and unflinching obedience in the face of death never perhaps excelled, a sore and regretful sacrifice, but an example of unflinching fulfillment of duty that enriches the annals of our race. In the loss of these dear, devoted men the costly price was paid; their memory is ever green with us, and forever within this inclosure may their ashes repose in peace.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR SYKES.

Mr. Chairman, My Comrades and Fellow Citizens: Under ordinary circumstances I would not have come so long a distance to enter my presence here to-day, but, considering the importance and dignity of the occasion; the distance to be traveled from his home by the noble-hearted and generous gentleman who presides as our host; the honor to be conferred upon my State, and the events of twenty-two years ago to be recalled—events in which some of you as survivors and those who fell here acted so noble a part, and which have conferred upon the soldiery of Mississippi a heritage of renown—I could not hesitate as to my duty. Therefore it was that I readily yielded my assent to the invitation extended to me a few weeks ago

by letter from Mr. James Smith, written from Glasgow, Scotland, to be present at this time and "perform the ceremony of unveiling the monument" erected by him "in memory of the sacrifice of the Tenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert A. Smith," and "to deliver an address" commemorative of the life and character of his deceased chivalric brother, and of the deeds of his heroic comrades now sought to be perpetuated. I attribute the partiality of my selection for the trust my friend from Scotland has confided to me, to the fact that he knew me to have been not only an officer under his brother, but a constant friend of that brother, and present in the engagement here September 14, 1862, when that gallant soldier fell. It is at this time meet that we take a retrospect, limited by the proprieties of the occasion, of what transpired here twenty-two years ago, and the prominent figure to whom our thoughts now revert.

Colonel Robert Alexander Smith was born on the 5th day of April, 1836, in Edinburg, Scotland. He was the youngest of five sons and five daughters of James and Annie Smith, of that city. The father, a Paisley manufacturer in early life, and later a wholesale druggist, still lives in his hale and hearty old age of ninety-three, at Spencer villa, 66 Brixton road, London, Southwest. At the age of fourteen Robert came to this country and settled in Jackson, Miss., where his eldest brother, our host, and a widowed sister had preceded him. Entering the business house of his brother, the youth soon won the elder's confidence, and by habits of sobriety, integrity and industry, together with the highest order of intelligent adaptability to the interests of the firm, he was at a comparatively early age placed in sole charge of the prosperous business. That brother writes from Glasgow: "In 1855, young as he then was, I parted with my business in Jackson to him, while I removed thence to live here. I visited Jackson again in 1859, and did not see him more, but the record was always good, unselfish devotion to duty and unflinching attachment to his command and the care of it."

The breaking out of the civil war—the war between the States—found him at the head of this business house—a law-abiding, industrious, firm and intelligent citizen of his adopted State, by principle a Southerner and by inheritance a Christian. Born in a land of heroes, his was a nature suited for the stirring events which were to follow. With a fondness for military life, and long before he could have expected to be called to the battlefield, he exhibited evidences of the coming soldier. Entering the ranks of the Mississippi Rifles in the

days of peace, he soon made himself familiar with military tactics. Though it may not have been remarked by the casual acquaintance, yet those who best knew the quiet young citizen of Jackson felt that behind the reserved and self-possessed exterior of Robert A. Smith dwelt the qualities of the true soldier. Thus it was that on the first mutterings of the coming storm he was elected Captain of the Mississippi Rifles, a company organized in and composed of his fellow-citizens of Jackson, whose services were tendered to the State as soon as she cast her fortunes with the Confederacy, and whose first duty was to escort the newly elected President to the seat of government at Montgomery, Ala. At the first call of the Confederacy on Mississippi for troops in March, 1861, he was ordered with his company to Pensacola navy yard, where General Bragg was organizing his heroic little army, that was subsequently to become so justly famous in the annals of war. This call resulted in the assembling of twenty companies from Mississippi, at Pensacola, which were organized into two regiments and named the Ninth and Tenth. The Mississippi Rifles, as Company D, formed a part of this latter regiment commanded by Colonel Moses Phillips. Before the expiration of two months service Colonel Phillips sickened and died, immediately after which Captain Smith was elected to the vacant colonelcy. From that time to the date of our removal in the spring of 1862 to Corinth, where Albert Sidney Johnston was assembling his army to give battle to the enemy under Grant and Buell, Colonel Smith was industrious in his study of the science and art of war and giving the needed instruction to his regiment. So proficient had he become in all the accomplishments of a regimental commander that on reaching Corinth and being placed with the other Mississippi troops which formed the brigade of General James R. Chalmers, he was soon recognized as the best drill-officer and the best disciplinarian of his grade. He needed only the opportunity to prove that these necessary accomplishments of an officer were but secondary to his ability to successfully command troops on the battlefield. This opportunity was soon given him in the sanguinary battle of Shiloh. Then, as ever after when under fire, he proved himself the knightly soldier and skilled commander. What in the quiet of the camp he had studied as a theory, now in the activities of the battlefield, he readily and scientifically reduced to practice, and with the eye and intelligence of the born soldier, disciplined by limited yet the closest study, the system of successfully handling troops in action was thoroughly mastered by him.

It was in action that he shone to best advantage. His bearing which, when in repose, was essentially military and dignified, rather than graceful, assumed a heroic type when in the heat of battle. He looked and felt a different man. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry sounded as thrilling music to his ears, imparting to him new life. Then, with face aglow with the inspiration of his soul, he was ready for any "deed of high emprise."

Throughout the two days' battle of Shiloh—on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862—Colonel Smith was conspicuous for his gallantry and the splendid handling of his troops. No regiment on that bloody field did better service or achieved greater triumphs, and this was due as much to the sterling qualities of its Commander, his coolness, intrepid bravery and influence over his men when in action, as to the excellence of his troops. His gallantry and unflinching courage, his high sense of honor, and his aptitude to grasp the arts of war, together with self-abnegation at the bidding of duty, won the respect of all his superiors, and the unlimited confidence, respect and esteem of his troops. From that day his eminence as a true soldier was assured. It was confidently believed by those in the army that had there been a vacancy to be filled by a Mississippi soldier, Robert A. Smith would at once have been promoted to the grade of Brigadier-General. As it was, his services were so highly appreciated by the General commanding, that he was, from this time forward, almost constantly in command of some brigade of the army by special assignment.

General Bragg's estimate of Colonel Smith may be judged by the following extract from a letter written by him after the termination of the war, and addressed to a friend of the deceased Colonel: "Entering the service at an early age, without military experience or education, the Colonel fell in the gallant discharge of an almost desperate assault in less than eighteen months, esteemed and honored for his acquirements and heroic deportment. To me his loss was severe, for I had looked to him for support in a much higher and more extended command."

Passing over the intervening time between the battle of Shiloh and Bragg's Kentucky campaign, we come to speak of Colonel Smith in his last battle,—the one here,—known as the battle of Munfordsville, fought September 14, 1862. Immediately prior to entering Kentucky Colonel Smith had been ordered to resume command of his regiment. On reaching Glasgow with his main force September 12, 1862, General Bragg ordered forward the same night Chalmers's brigade of

Mississippians to the railroad at Cave City, and Duncan's Louisiana brigade to the junction next south, with instructions to intercept and cut Buell's communications by rail with Louisville. General Chalmers surprised and captured the telegraph operator and depot of supplies at Cave City, but, because information as to our movements had been, in some manner, communicated to the Federals, he did not succeed in capturing any train. Hearing that a force of the enemy, supposed to be raw recruits, but in reality numbering, as we afterward found, largely in excess of 3,000 trained and disciplined soldiers, were entrenched at Munfordsville, protecting the railroad bridge over Green river, General Chalmers, without orders from his superiors, as was currently believed, leaving parts of the Seventh and Twenty-ninth regiments to guard Cave City, advanced with the rest of his brigade, numbering 1,200 or 1,300 strong, to Horse Cave, on the road to Munfordsville, and after resting until a late hour in the night again moved forward, and by dawn the next morning struck the Federal pickets about a mile in advance of their fortifications.

These were hastily driven in by the sharpshooters of the brigade, commanded by Major W. C. Richards of Columbus, Miss., who fell seriously wounded before our main line made the attack.

The brigade was then being rapidly placed in position for a general assault, in the following manner, as I remember: The Seventh Mississippi, under command of Colonel Bishop, on the extreme right and extending nearly to the river; next the Twenty-ninth, commanded by Colonel E. C. Walthall; next the Ninth, commanded by Colonel Thomas W. White—all three to be placed east of and parallel with the dirt road—and with a company of sharpshooters and a part of Garrity's battery, constituted the right attacking column. The Tenth Mississippi, under command of Colonel Robert A. Smith, was to be placed in position to the left, perpendicular to, but far removed from the dirt road, and constituted the left attacking column, with the Forty-fourth, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel James Moore, in reserve and partially covering the interval between the Tenth and the road. With these dispositions made, General Chalmers would be prepared to advance on the enemy's works.

As the Tenth Mississippi marched by the left flank on the crest of yonder hill in order to be opposite the Federal right, which was a fortified eminence covering the bridge, the enemy beyond the dense fog that overhung the intervening valley could be plainly seen standing in compact line behind their works with guns shimmering in the morning sun, and announced their readiness by discharging at occa-

sional intervals a single piece of artillery with such accuracy that the first shot struck the head of my company wounding Privates M. S. Leopard, E. J. Hudson and W. B. Lesley; another, fired on our right, cut the flag staff of the Twenty-ninth regiment in twain.

By the time the Tenth got in position, Captain Watt L. Strickland, of the brigade staff, rode hastily up and said: "Colonel, the General orders you to charge." After indicating the danger and hazard of the enterprise, Colonel Smith replied in substance: "To charge now, before the right is ready, will draw upon me the concentrated fire of the enemy. Will I not be too soon?" "No," replied Strickland, "the General says, 'charge now,'" to which Colonel Smith made response, "The duty is mine, the responsibility belongs elsewhere."

Then, pointing to the felled timber in the enemy's immediate front and to a fence standing to our side of it, Colonel Smith instructed his company commanders that as, when the order to advance would be given, it would be preceded with the command, "By the right of company to the front," he desired them in advancing to preserve well the interval, so that on reaching the fence and throwing it down, the companies, after passing through, would be in position, on the order "Companies into line" being given, to promptly form regimental front. Then followed in his usual clarion tones the command, "By the right of companies to the front, forward, double-quick, march!" Through an open field of a full quarter of a mile, under fire from the enemy's artillery and small arms behind formidable entrenchments, the Tenth advanced at a "double-quick," with Colonel Smith proudly leading on horseback. Passing over the intervening space without serious damage, and throwing down the fence that skirted the timber, we found the *abattis* of beech trees beyond so arranged as to render it impossible, on receiving the order "Companies into line," to form regimental front. Protecting themselves as well as possible, the troops were enabled, after receiving terrible damage, to silence the enemy's fire from the fortifications. In this position we remained several hours without being able, on account of the timber and the conformation of the ground, to see or hear from our brigade, center or right. It so happened that when Colonel Smith reached the felled timber he struck a narrow path, left by the enemy in the *abattis*, when, waiving his sword over his head and pointing to an opening in the works, cried out: "Follow me in!" Then, yielding to the hazardous impulses of his knightly nature, he rode straight forward, to be shot from his horse in the narrow space between the *abattis* and the fortifications. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, James Bullard, a brave old man,

had fallen on the extreme right of the regiment, just as we reached the matted mass of beech, he and his horse torn to pieces by canister shot.

The Forty-fourth Mississippi, which, when the attack was made, was left in reserve on the crest of the hill, was soon ordered to advance to the support of the Tenth. Reaching the felled timber, and taking shelter behind stumps and logs in the interval to the right of the Tenth, they, too, succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire in their front. Its brave commander, Lieutenant Colonel Moore, fell mortally wounded in the vain effort to reform his men in this inextricable mass of felled and pointed timber.

For awhile, as we were afterward informed, the assault by our right, made after the Tenth had become engaged, promised success. The Twenty-ninth, Ninth, and Seventh regiments, after a gallant charge, reached the wide and deep ditch around Fort Craig, and the fortifications adjacent. These troops on reaching the ditch had been ordered to lie down. In that position they kept up their fire, and soon had the Federals so they dared not raise their heads above the parapet. The United States flag flying above the fort was riddled by the bullets from Walthall's guns. They had been in this position only a short time when a piece of artillery belonging to Scott's Louisiana cavalry, which had come upon the field without the knowledge of General Chalmers, opened fire a short distance to the northeast, and unfortunately threw shell so near to our assaulting column as to cause some confusion in that part of our line, and prompted General Chalmers, who thought it a Federal gun, to order the Ninth to charge it. The Ninth had moved but a short distance, however, toward the artillery, when General Chalmers, who, in the meantime, had ridden in that direction, discovered that it was a friendly gun, and stopped the firing. He then gave orders for the Ninth to withdraw into a piece of woodland out of the enemy's range, and at the same time, for some reason satisfactory to himself, sent orders for the withdrawal of the troops assaulting Fort Craig. On receiving the order to withdraw, Walthall left at the ditch his senior Captain, Robert Robson, with his company, a brave old soldier, nearing his sixtieth winter, with orders to keep up a fire, until the regiment, which he thought would not be in the meantime missed, got to the woods, several hundred yards off, and then to scatter and reach him as best they could. The result was, that the only casualties, in making the successful retreat, were two men wounded.

The gallantry of these troops, and the splendid handling of them,

was reported to General Bragg, who, on the capture of the place on the 17th following, directed that the flag which was floating over the fort on the 14th be presented to the Twenty-ninth regiment, but it turned out that the colors were not to be found among the surrendered trophies, and were probably borne off as part of some soldier's undearwear.

After the lapse of several hours from the time the Tenth made its charge, and during a lull in the firing, soon following the withdrawal of the troops from and near Fort Craig, a white flag was seen emerging from behind the enemy's fortifications in the immediate front of the Tenth regiment. It proved to be a flag of truce, and was borne out by a young Captain in an Indiana regiment, directly facing the position of my company (K), and was met by me about midway between our lines. I was then informed that General Chalmers, under a flag of truce, sent in on our right, had demanded the surrender of the Federal troops; that the demand had been refused, but that an armistice for the purpose of removing the dead and wounded had been agreed to, and that ten minutes' notice would be given before the flag was withdrawn. These facts were communicated by me to our men, who at once began to remove the dead and wounded, together with their guns and accoutrements, and continued until everything of value had been carried to the woods, from whence we commenced the attack. On retiring with the withdrawal of the flag, and reaching our men in rear, I found that the dead were being hastily buried, and the living were preparing for a speedy return to Cave City.

Two days later General Bragg moved up with the greater part of his army and surrounded these troops, then reinforced and commanded by Colonel C. L. Dunham. For this purpose he crossed a part of Polk's corps to the north side of Green river, and upon the eminences there had placed a number of field pieces completely commanding the fortifications below, with instructions to open fire at early dawn the next (17th) morning. Surrounded by overwhelming numbers, and realizing their utterly hopeless condition, Colonel Dunham, who had reached there with his regiment after the fight on the 14th, superseding Colonel Wilder in the command, yielded before day on the morning of the 17th to the demand of General Bragg for their surrender. The troops surrendered consisted of the Seventeenth, Forty-third, Sixty-seventh, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Indiana Regiments, a company of Louisville cavalry, a part of the Fourth Ohio and a section of the Thirteenth Indiana battery,

amounting in all to about 4500 men and ten guns, together with a large supply of Quartermaster and Commissary stores. At an early hour on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th of September, just twenty-two years ago to day, the Tenth Mississippi regiment, in return for and in compliment of its gallant fight on the 14th, was marched in to receive the surrender of the troops and take possession of the forts. Our brave foes, who had been accorded very reasonable terms, were on the same day marched back to the lines of General Buell and paroled. Thus ended the battle and surrender of Munfordsville, which we have to-day gathered to recall, and to embalm in memory and perpetuate in marble the deeds of our heroes who fell in that rash, ill-advised and sacrificial fight—heroes as noble as ever gave their lives for "country or honor."

On our retreat from here the evening of the 14th, Colonel Smith was carried to a house in the neighborhood and left in charge of his body-servant Henry, the Sergeant-Major, William French, and his brother-in-law, Captain Dodson, of his regiment, and lived until after the surrender on the 17th, his last thoughts reaching out for the welfare and concern of his men. His remains were temporarily interred near the scene of his death until the following March, when the loving care of a sister and nephew, who, by permission of the authorities came through the lines and removed them to the admiring fellow-citizens of his adopted city, where they were finally deposited with honor and reverence. In the beautiful Cemetery at Jackson, Miss., can be seen a circular plot of ground surrounded by a tasteful iron railing, inclosing a Scotch granite shaft with the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of Colonel R. A. Smith, of the Tenth Mississippi regiment, Confederate States army, a native of Edinburgh, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Munfordsville, Ky., September 14, 1862, while gallantly leading in the charge. Aged twenty-six years. Erected by his fellow-citizens." In Dean cemetery, Edinburgh, Scotland, a similar monument with almost like inscription can be seen, which a brother's love erected as a tribute of his grief and reverence.

Having been first the color-bearer, then adjutant of his regiment by appointment of Colonel Smith, and at the time of his death a Captain commanding a company under him, and from our entry into the service, personal and intimate friends, I am prepared to sympathize with that brother's grief, and to add that in my opinion the loss of that brave and intrepid soldier and true man was the greatest blow to the Mississippi troops of any that happened during the Kentucky

campaign. To the Tenth Mississippi the loss was irreparable. The star of their destiny had been extinguished, and its brave men could never afterward, in following another, feel the same soldierly pride or patriotic hope.

Perhaps it will be said that his dash and bravery when in action were not uncommon traits of the Confederate soldier; that under the "stimulus of excited physical faculties and of the moving passions" the same was true of thousands of those who fell in or survived the late war. That is so, but no one who had known Colonel Smith, or had observed him well, could fail to discover that his was a different character and of a more earnest type than was that of most soldiers who were equally brave and dashing.

We need portray him only as he was looked upon by his troops—brave, earnest, single-minded and unassuming—a devotee to duty, "who softened its asperities to others," causing those who knew him best to admire him most. "Self-restraint, which has been termed the highest form of self-assertion," is a marked characteristic of the race from which Colonel Smith sprung, and was possessed by him in an eminent degree. He never gave way to "moods," and only when the necessities of discipline demanded, would he inflict upon the disobedient or unworthy the pain of his frown, and even then his better nature would soon assert itself in the charms of his favor. No man, woman or child could be more tender when deserving ones sought his sympathy. No warrior could be more stern when duty prompted reproof. The refinements of his nature would not brook the slangs and abuses of speech, nor tolerate evil words or evil surmises. His devotion to the care and welfare of the men under him was intense, and he was always ready to sacrifice his own pleasure, his time and labor to them.

With his death this "hastily written and imperfect eulogy of a typical Confederate soldier and officer" must end, in time for me to turn to "pay brief but heartfelt homage" to another—one who has come across 3,000 miles of the Atlantic's blue waters to meet us to-day and make to us this graceful expression of his fraternal love and friendship. It is something ennobling to behold the love, friendship and reverence which prompted this occasion and which is manifested in this demonstration by the living brother to the memory of the dead. It is rarely that we see this better nature of man so pronounced in its expression, and for this reason it deserves more than a passing notice.

My comrades, in Mr. James Smith, our honored friend and host,

whom it is my pleasure to meet to-day for the first time, though many letters and mementoes have passed between us, I feel that as individuals and as Mississippians, yea, as citizens of the late Confederate States, we behold a friend, a benefactor and a patriot, and one whose philanthropy and generous love is something too pure and sublime not to rivet our acknowledgement and esteem. As one who had resided on the soil of Mississippi and knew her people and institutions well, his sympathies were enlisted in her behalf during those dark days when she most needed friends abroad. At no time during the struggle did Mississippi or the Confederacy look to him in vain. His princely fortune was tributary to their necessities, and more than once his active support received the grateful recognition of the State and Confederate authorities. The deposed Chief of the Confederacy was his friend, and he permits no opportunity to pass to manifest his attachment to his person and to the cause which was forever eclipsed in his fall. During a long life, and even before fortune had so generously smiled upon and blessed his efforts, he has been noted for his deeds of charity. His private benefactions are only equaled by his public philanthropy. When I received, in November last, a letter from him informing me that during his visit to this country, the June previous, he had purchased a spot of the field of action here, and would erect a great stone "as an imperishable mark of the place of sacrifice," and within the very massive inclosure to be built, any who are interested in the dead of that battlefield, from Mississippi, were invited to deposit their remains, all the better impulses of my nature went out across the broad Atlantic to the home of this good man, who, in honoring the memory of his dead brother, did not forget to honor Mississippi.

Sensible of the gratitude Mississippians would feel for this exhibit of patriotism and crowning act of generosity, I prepared and introduced in the Senate of my State the following resolution, which passed both branches of the Legislature, and became a law by the prompt and cordial approval of the Governor, February 7, 1884.

WHEREAS, in the fatal and unfortunate battle of Munfordsville, on Green river, Kentucky, on the 14th of September, 1862, quite a number of soldiers from Mississippi, belonging to the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi regiments, gave up their lives in the service of the State, and by their gallantry and unselfish devotion to the cause, to which the State had pledged its sacred honor, reflected new and enduring luster upon its name; and,

WHEREAS, Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, once an

honored citizen of Mississippi, and now, as always, interested in everything that contributes to the glory of her history, has purchased a spot of the field of action prominent in position near the railroad, which, at his own expense, is now walled in, and a cenotaph, some twenty feet high, and of fifteen to twenty tons weight, is being firmly fixed on the site as an imperishable mark of the place of sacrifice, with the simple inscription: "Erected in memory of the sacrifice of the Tenth Mississippi regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert A. Smith," and has generously offered to any who are interested in the remains of those of the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi regiments, which lie buried on and near the field of action, to deposit their remains within the massive inclosure; and,

WHEREAS, individual enterprise, on the part of those who have relatives among those fallen heroes, may be inadequate to the task of properly transferring their remains to the inclosure, where they would forever rest under the shadow of the monolith, erected to commemorate their valor and tragic fate, and where their honored ashes would be safe from intrusion or disturbance for all time; and,

WHEREAS, Their disinterment and removal, if intrusted to the care of a safe, reliable citizen in the vicinity, under the supervision of the authorities of this State, could be judiciously performed, and at a comparatively small expense to the State; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That the sum of \$500, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the State Treasury, not otherwise appropriated for the purposes recited in the foregoing preamble; the Auditor to issue his warrant therefor on the requisition of the Governor, and that the Governor be requested to correspond with Anthony L. Woodson, of Woodsonville, Ky., and make such arrangements with him, or other suitable person, as may be deemed advisable, for the removal of the dead and erecting suitable white marble slabs, upon which shall be engraven the names of such as can be ascertained, one each to the dead of the several regiments so reinterred.

Be it further resolved, That this resolution take effect from and after its passage.

The labor of love which has cost the noble giver much anxious thought has at length been satisfactorily achieved, and we have assembled here to-day to witness and assist in the crowning act of its completion.

I have to express the satisfaction that not only the remains of all Mississippians lying on and near this battlefield, including those of the noble and ever-gallant little band—the Ninth battalion of sharpshooters, that by inadvertence were not mentioned, yet in spirit are embraced in the resolution of their State Legislature—have been disinterred and their bones deposited within this inclosure, but that suitable white marble headstones which a grateful State made provision for, have been erected, one each to the dead of the several commands engaged in battle here.

With many acknowledgements for the munificence, the patriotism and public spirit which are exhibited here, not for the first time, by our noble-hearted benefactor, and with profound regard and reverence for the sentiment to be commemorated, I shall now, with the assistance of my young lady friend, a daughter of our noble host, and by birth a Mississippian, proceed to the unveiling of the monument, which I feel all will say crowns the giver of it with honor; does honor to the skilled sculptors of it, and reflects imperishable honor upon the State of Mississippi and her brave sons who fell here twenty-two years ago.

REMARKS BY MR. WATTS.

I have been deputed by my friend Mr. James Smith, under whose auspices I have come from old Scotland to take part in this most touching ceremony, to tender to Mr. Woodson, on his behalf and on behalf of his family and friends, their warmest thanks for the great interest and trouble he has taken in connection with the proceedings of to-day. I can readily believe from Mr. Woodson's well-known sympathy with the cause and with the occasion of our gathering, that he looks for no return; but we feel that we could not separate without recording in the strongest terms our appreciation of his noble and generous conduct. And while on my feet will you allow me to express how profoundly impressed I have been with to-day's proceedings; for I had the honor of Colonel Robert A. Smith's acquaintance, and little did I think when last he was in Scotland, and we wandered amidst the western highlands of my native land and climbed the hills together, that I was never to see him in the flesh again; that my first visit to this great country should be a pilgrimage to the scenes of his early death. But so it was ordained to be. "Whom the gods love die young." And, as oftentimes in the past I have shared in the joys and pleasures of my dear friend, Mr. James Smith, so now I am thankful to have the privilege of standing by his side on this—to him

and to many of us—sacred spot, and from our common grief derive a closer bond.

My friends, I feel that this is scarcely a fitting occasion to speak at length of the terrible struggle which, for a while, rent this great continent. The war is ended, the strife has ceased, the result has been accepted, and all that we can do is to pray that a bright future still awaits the Sunny South. But I cannot resist the opportunity of saying that my heart—aye, and the hearts of thousands of my countrymen—were with you in that hour of agony. We felt, instinctively, that you were fighting for your hearths and homes, and I know no greater heroes in the annals of the Old or New Worlds than Generals Lee or Jackson, and many other of your leaders. Why, to us Scotchmen, these men appeared, not only as brilliant commanders, but as the very incarnation of patriotism and self-sacrifice, recalling to us the magic names of our Wallace and of our Bruce. True, your leaders did not win success, but they did better, they deserved it; and even the graves of your dear departed proclaim the truth, that there is no nobler sentiment or abiding virtue than the love of country and of independence.

They are gone, but their spirits still dwell among us. What might have been, under different auspices, and had success crowned your leaders' arms, I know not; but of this I am certain, that they have bequeathed to you a heritage of patriotism and renown which most nations may well covet, and which you cannot too highly prize.

CASUALTIES IN BATTLE OF MUNFORDSVILLE.

Grand total: killed, 40; wounded, 211. Field Officers: 1 killed, 2 mortally wounded, and 1 severely wounded; total, 4.

NAMES OF THE KILLED.

Blythe's Regiment.—Company B, Corporal Whitter; Company D, Second Lieutenant James Paine; Company F, Martin Cantrell; Company L, Patrick Britt, August Levesa—5.

Seventh Regiment.—Company A, Corporal J. V. Whittington; Company C, W. C. Little, T. F. Reynolds, F. W. Cox, W. R. Ratcliff; Company K, W. H. Durham.

Ninth Regiment.—Company A, J. Davis; Company F, Archibald B. Wright; Company H, A. T. Dennis, V. A. Carraway, L. K. A. Pearce, Richard Scott; Company I, T. C. Bardin; Company K, W. C. Nesbitt, J. J. Laughter.

Tenth Regiment.—Colonel R. A. Smith, mortally wounded, died afterward; Lieutenant-Colonel Bullard; Company B, R. A. Pasko; Company C, Thomas J. Brown, H. E. Barten, Joseph Pruden, James Buchanan; Company D, John Murphy; Company E, Sergeant Lem. Supples; Company I, W. T. Holloway; Company K, Ira Cole, A. T. Johnson, F. L. Kelly, W. R. Turner, William M. Drury, J. J. Keith.

Twenty-ninth Regiment.—Company B, A. J. Burnett, E. S. Sadley, A. W. Squires; Company G, Corporal H. Russiale, John Williams, John Yeager; Company K, C. R. Dowsing, R. T. Court.

Some Great Constitutional Questions.

By B. J. SAGE.

CORRECTION OF ERRORS.

The South fought for *the enjoyment of independence in a separate Union*, and lost. But God's truths cannot go down in a human fight. Facts are indestructible. The States, the citizens thereof, the Constitution, its words and meanings, the public records, the ratifications of the States that gave to the Constitution all its life and validity—all these are facts that lived through the fighting unchanged. No thoughtful person of eminence ever considered them involved in the "Lost Cause," or affected by the result of the war. "After fighting," said Lincoln, "you must meet and settle; our Federal amendments measure the change that was made. They did not change the polity."

Common sense, then, shows that a separate Union was the cause the South lost, and that bringing the States back to the written Constitution, was the cause the North won.

I, therefore, in correcting some errors, deal with the Constitution, its establishment, its history, and its meaning, as facts. The task is to state and describe, not to interpret or construe.

I.—PROFESSOR BLEDSOE AND "P. C. CENTZ," ON DAVIS'S ALLEGED TREASON.

The first edition of the "Republic of Republics, by "P. C. Centz Barrister," was published in London in the summer of 1865, under the title of "Davis and Lee," &c.; and a second edition was issued

in New York the following winter. The great aim of the work was to show that Davis and the other Confederate leaders were not traitors, and could not be lawfully punished as such. The author in his introductory statement styled his work "*Advance Chapters*, to declare and show that no gibbet can be erected for Davis and Lee and the other Confederate Chiefs, except on *ground that is composed solely of falsehood and fraud.*"

In 1866, Professor Bledsoe published his work entitled: "Is Davis a Traitor," making substantially the same argument, and presenting, in a large measure, the same authorities.

Judge Charles E. Fenner, in an admirable discourse delivered at the unveiling of the Lee statue in New Orleans on the 22d of February, 1884, credits Professor Bledsoe's work with being the first to explain why the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," instead of "We, the people of the States," became the phrase of the Constitution.

To correct this error, which is based on a seeming claim of Professor B. himself, and at the same time to refute the base and baseless heresy that ours is a National instead of a Federal polity, I beg leave to quote the following passage from the aforesaid work of Mr. Centz, pp. 65, 68:

"A FEW CONCLUSIVE HISTORICAL FACTS.

"But this is not, and it never was, a case of doubt or ambiguity requiring hermeneutics. The facts are so plain and decisive against these advocates, that, as is evident, they have labored to evade or suppress them. They knew that the phrase, 'the people,' so far as political action of the highest nature was concerned, must have meant *the people of the then existent political organizations*, and not a mass or nation with unified power and modes of acting, because *the same* people that they would fain consider as a nation, was just then, and was always, divided into *thirteen most distinct political bodies*, which were acknowledged by Great Britain to be respectively sovereign, and were at the moment of final action on the Federal Constitution, described as follows: 'Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.' Hence, 'We, the people of the United States' meant, we, the people of the States that are united.

"Now we are prepared for the historical fact well known to but not mentioned by Dane, Story and Webster, viz: that the preamble, unanimously adopted by the Federal Convention for the proposed Constitution, was as follows: 'We the people of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, do ORDAIN, DECLARE, AND ESTABLISH the following Constitution for the government of ourselves and our posterity: Article I. The style of the government

shall be The United States of America,' &c. But the whole instrument, after being agreed upon and adopted, article by article, was placed in the hands of a committee of revision, who reported it back considerably changed and improved in mere form. As to the preamble, the generalization: 'We, the people of the United States,' was substituted as an equivalent to a specification of the States. This was proper for the reason that the Constitution was to take effect when ratified by nine States, and it might result that some would be named, though not in the Union.

"It should further be explained that the phrase 'we, the people,' was used to contradistinguish this pact from the previous one, which had been ratified or acceded to by the State governments—the mere creatures of the people; whereas in this case, it was intended to connect the Federal Government directly with and base it upon the very source of power—the people—the sovereignty itself, making *thirteen sovereignties*, as Madison said, and all the fathers understood the constitutors of the new pact—the constituents or principals of the new agency. As the States were obliged to act as organizations, and according to the law of their natures, they gave separate assents, and hence the new was not less a compact than the old Constitution, though the powers vested by it in the government created, were more extensive [see letter of Hamilton to Pickering, 1803]. And the Convention accepted the Constitution, as revised, as their work, and never reversed their solemn and unanimous approval of the phrase, 'WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE STATES.' Messrs. Dane and Story must have known this, when the former penned, and the latter quoted approvingly, the following in reference to the meaning of the preamble: 'They properly said, we, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish; and not—we the people of each State.'"

The author then goes on to state the following corroborative facts, which I condense, to-wit: that in the Convention of 1787, Mr. Ellsworth moved to expunge from the plan of the Constitution "the word 'national,' and retain the proper title 'The United States;'" that this was agreed to *nem. con.*; that, accordingly, the word national was struck out of the proposed "Articles of Union" (as they were then called) twenty-six times; that Ellsworth stated, *nem. dis.*, that "he wished the plan to go forth as an amendment to the articles of confederation;" that all the States had carefully instructed their deputies to make "such alterations and provisions as would make the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Government and the preservation of the Union," and had not authorized them to go further; that the preamble adopted declared this union of States to be (in comparison) "a more perfect Union;" that the Convention, after maturing the plan, unanimously, through the pen of Washington, stated their aim to be "the *Federal Government*," and that the Congress of States declared on the 13th of September, 1788, that they had received and filed the *ratifications of the States*,

which were provided by the Constitution itself, to be "SUFFICIENT for the ESTABLISHMENT" of it.

At the conclusion of his most exhaustive historical and constitutional argument, the author asserts that the whole case against Davis, Lee *et als*, is based on a perversion of the principles of our polity—"based," to use his own language—"solely on falsehood, fraud and violence;" and he contends that "it is only on ground, composed of these detestable ingredients that their gibbet can be erected."

In December, 1865, Charles O'Connor characterized the work as "an admirably prepared and overwhelmingly conclusive brief" for Davis's defence, and, some time afterward, he employed the author in the case; the Philadelphia *Ledger* stated that "a most important argument had been received by the President from London, in which are set forth the reasons why Davis cannot be convicted in any court;" and many leading papers of that day noticed the work as one of extraordinary research and ability, specially designed to show that Davis was no traitor and was not punishable as such. In short, all that was valuable in the defensive argument of Professor Bledsoe, delivered in 1866, was given to the world by "P. C. Centz, Barrister," in 1865; though as a criticism and refutation of the consolidation dogmas of Story and Webster, Professor B.'s work is unsurpassed.

II. SO WITH "THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES,"

Which Hon. A. H. Stephens published in 1868. One of its most important demonstrations had been given, in the same general form, and for the same purpose, by "P. C. Centz, Barrister," early in 1865. If Mr. Stephens had quoted from "Davis and Lee," pp. 22-47, his ground would have been completely covered. In those pages Mr. Centz carefully gave the history of each State's convention, debate and ratification, and showed that "the people" who were *organized and capable of acting only as States*, and were actually named as such in the Constitution, did, as such *political bodies*, give to the said Constitution its entirety of life and legal force—three of them ratifying, and *pro tanto* establishing, the said Constitution in 1787, eight in 1788, one in 1789, and the last, Rhode Island, in 1790; and moreover clearly demonstrated that *the said States themselves intended to be and remain the government*—intended, in short, to remain republics or self-governing societies of people, each to select her *quota* of the federal agency from her own members or citizens, who, on being selected, were empowered and sent by the State, under her commission and seal, to speak her federal voice, and do her federal duty.

Mr. C. concluded his demonstration as follows: "We have now patiently gone through all the original States, and ascertained from the testimony of the leading statesmen, and from the acts of the States themselves, that the Constitution was formed and vitalized by thirteen independent and concurrent wills, each with no superior on earth; and we have seen no great nationality, or national will, exercising itself on the matter of government in any sense. The dogmas of Dane, Story and Webster have been shown to be untrue; * * all history falsifies their utterances."

The arguments and citations, however, are so obvious to one who earnestly searches for the origin of the Constitution that originality can scarcely be attributed to either of the authors, and neither of them would be under any obligations to give credit. And the subject is only referred to here because many, who have only seen Mr. Centz's later editions, think he copied from Mr. Stephens.

III. "IS SECESSION A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT"?

This is the sub-title of Professor Bledsoe's book; and Judge Fenner, in his discourse, also seems to regard the question as a Constitutional one. As the Constitution has nothing express or implied on the subject, the right must exist—if at all—as an original and inherent one, in the parties to the instrument. And there is where it is: the people in a natural society, such as a State is, must have a collective instinct, right and duty of self-preservation, and a collective mind—the *aggregatio mentium* of the people—the only governing mind of the country. And the only original, inherent, natural will, of which sovereignty or the right of government can be predicated, is in the said mind, which dwells in the body called the State. Take, for example, Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania. Everybody will admit that each of these entities had, at the making of the Constitution, its own name, geography, people, organism and political will, and that they made a voluntary union. If it is now involuntary, they are again provinces, which they ceased to be when they achieved independence and statehood in the revolution.

These societies of people, named as New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, &c., in the first article of the Constitution, are "the people of the United States." "The people" never had form or capacity for governmental action, except as States. As James Wilson said, sovereignty dwells in them "after, as well as before, a Constitution is made." And, as Daniel Webster said, "*sovereignty in America is al-*

ways in the people, and never in the government." And, as no change whatever was provided as to name, geography, people, organism, mode of mental action, or political will, of these societies, we may consider all assertions of their degradation as falsehoods, and not mistakes of interpretation!

Why did not the great Republican leaders, Chase, Seward, Andrew, Wilson, Stevens, Wade, Trumbull, and others, when they shaped the amendments the conquering States dictated, prohibit secession? Because they knew their sovereigns, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois preferred the old union of free societies of people to a nation of counties; and they could not even have hinted at preventing secession, and thereby chaining States; and they reflected that risks and burdens must always go with "the blessings of liberty." Freedom is not freedom if restrained or qualified. We cannot, if we would, get rid of a right essential and vital to a sovereign mind; but we can behave ourselves, as Washington besought us to do, and preserve justice, amity and mutual interest, which he said were the original motives and "sacred ties" of union. If these be preserved, as written and consecrated in the solemn preamble, the "domestic tranquillity," founded on content, preserves the intended union. Only tyrants and robbers want tied and helpless victims.

IV. "TWO CONSTRUCTIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION,"

Is a common phrase, involving error; "opposite interpretations of a written instrument"—as Judge Fenner euphemistically puts it. Soon after peace, James L. Orr, of South Carolina, hastened to "bridge the bloody chasm" by telling the North we differed with her as to the construction of the Constitution; and she proved ours false by whipping us. By parity of reasoning, if you whip a man who denies your statement that your horse is sixteen feet high, you produce the monster; and if you drive a man from his estate, his title is bad and yours good! The truth is, all the fighting or force, since Adam, never produced a truth or changed the character of a lie. And even Mr. Lincoln, although favoring the northern "construction," said: "When you are done fighting, you must meet and settle the question you fight about."

THE CONTEST IS BETWEEN TRUTH AND UNTRUTH.

A *proper* statement removes the error and *confusion*. One party sticks to history, forming his theory of *facts*, which cover the ground

like a Mosaic pavement. He makes his case of facts, which merely require statement, not argument or interpretation. Our polity is real—factual in all its parts. The opposing theory is figments—assertion without fact. It is speculative or doctrinal.

It is obvious that when a man says this is a "Union of States," he asserts a fact; he tells the truth, for the Constitution itself speaks of the States in this Union—calls the system "the United States," and characterizes all the people as citizens of States. There is, and can be, no exegesis, or interpretation, or construction, or doctrine about this. It is simple truth; but when a man says "these States is a nation," and that the Union is an association of the people into one State, of which "the States is" counties, he simply tells an ungrammatical falsehood! There is no subject of construction. It is simply a matter of fact and history, and he who maintains the contrary must erase the records of heaven, for though truth may be crushed to earth here, it is written down by the recording angel, and it has the guaranty of God that it shall endure through His eternal years! See "*The Republic of Republics*," pp. 50-58, for a clear exposition of the matter, and an exposure of the fallacy of Mr. George T. Curtis's "two schools of interpretation."

Again, it is a true assertion that the States themselves devised the Constitution, convening and voting as States in doing so; also that each State ratified the compact by her separate convention; so that the establishing of the Constitution was done by the States; and hence the counter-assertion that the nation made the Constitution, reserving to the States their rights, and imposing delegative duties on them, is entire untruth, and not erroneous construction.

And as the States were preëxistent, complete, self-governing societies; as they were named in the first article as political bodies; as, by their ratification, they were to establish the polity, thus becoming, as Hamilton said, "the parties to the compact," or, as Webster said, "the thirteen Confederate States;" as they owned all the votes, and were to elect, commission, and send for Federal duty, their own citizens and subjects; as they were to be and remain forever the amenders of the Constitution; as no other potential actors are provided for or hinted at, and, as finally no change whatever is made in these original and designated societies, as to name, geography, people, organism, mode of mental action, or political will, we may well conclude that all assertions as to their being merged in a nation, or degraded from their original statehood, are treasonable falsehoods, instead of mistakes of interpre-

tation! The truth is, our statesmen and jurists are inexcusable for construing the Constitution instead of treating it factually as they would the person, lineaments, and traits of a king, or as they would the foundations, walls, and uses of a fort. The States are "beautiful structures on the broad beach"—the Union a surrounding "dyke to fence out the flood." [Fisher Ames.] The Constitution and all its parts, as well as its history, are facts. Construction indeed! Gouverneur Morris deals with some of the constructors or interpreters as follows: "The Legislature will always make the power it wishes to exercise * * swearing the true intent and meaning [of the Constitution] to be that which suits their purpose." [III, Life of M.]

V. ERROR AS TO SOVEREIGNTY'S SEAL AND ACTION.

The able judge and gallant soldier referred to above, said, last year, in a speech on "Decoration Day," that the Constitution left the question of sovereignty "unsettled, or settled it so obscurely that the very framers of the instrument placed antipodal constructions on it." He also quoted, as further evidence of doubt, the following curious dedication of Mr. J. C. Hurd's "Theory of our National Existence," viz.: "To the sovereign, whoever he, it, or they may be." But I submit that the author is misunderstood. He recognizes sovereignty as being in the societies of people, but shows that revolutionary perversion, usurpation, fraud and force have melted the States, so to speak, into a nation—making, out of many republics, a *pseudo* one—the *E pluribus unum* of the consolidationists; and he tries to show where, in the monstrous and treasonable product, sovereignty is located; and, finally, seeming to find it easier to swim with the tide of falsehood and wrong than to *stop* and *stand* on the rock of truth, the rock of his own faith, he recommends accepting the new *régime*.

Now, if history show what actors "*established*" the "*constitution*," "*delegated*" all its "*powers*," and "*chose*" and "*appointed*" the servants and agents to execute it, surely it shows the sovereignty that constituted the Constitution; and that now remains above it, controlling, through its agency, all the subjects of its government.

Madison says such arguers "lose sight of the people." And he further says, "the Federal and State governments are but different *agents* and trustees of the *people*. * * * The ultimate authority, wherever the derivative may be, resides with the people alone." [Federalist, 46.] And in numbers 39 and 40, and in the Virginia Convention, he said it was the people as "thirteen distinct sovereign-

ties," and that the government formed was *federal* and not *national*. Washington, Hamilton, Sherman, Ellsworth, Ames, Bowdoin, Morris, and, in short, all the fathers, took the same view; all recognizing the union of sovereign States.

Now, how is it possible for any informed person to doubt that sovereignty is, as James Wilson says, "in *the people* before they make a Constitution, and *remains* in them after it is made," *i. e.*, "in thirteen independent sovereignties"—to use his own words? Of course the collective people, that is to say, societies, is meant, for only as organized bodies can the people have political mind and act in government. New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, and the rest of the names in the Constitution, mean only "the people" called by those names—"the people of the United States." "The people," as States, have the only voters. "The people," as States, have all the federal representation. "The people," as States, "choose" and "appoint" and "commission" all representatives, senators and electors of presidents from their own citizens. [Articles I and II.] "The people," as States, are to "*establish*" the Constitution through their conventions. [Article VII.] "The people," as States, are guaranteed by the associated States to be republics or self-governing peoples. [Article IV.] "The people," as States, are to make all amendments. [Article V.] Each State has "*suffrage*" in the Senate, which can never end without her "*consent*." All these provisions of the constitution, especially the last, make obvious both *mind* in the State and *sovereignty* in mind. Denying this seat and residence of sovereign will is simple untruth—criminal, if coupled with knowledge.

WEBSTER AND CURTIS FULLY CONCEDE THE POINT

—The former saying, in 1833, that "sovereignty of government is unknown in North America." "All power is with the people." "Until the Constitution was ratified by nine States, it was but a proposal, the mere draft of an instrument, * * * inoperative paper, * * it had no authority; it spoke no language." In 1849 he said "the parties to the Constitution originally were the thirteen confederated States"; that it was "founded on compact and plighted faith"; and that the individual States had "the exclusive possession of sovereignty." In 1850 he said "the Constitution was the bond, and the only bond, of the union of these States," and in 1852, just before his death, he said they never intended "to consolidate themselves into

one government," and "cease to be Maryland and Virginia, Massachusetts and Carolina." He saw that "the people" were "the States" and "the States" "the people"; and that the real government was the republics, or self-governors, named in the Constitution.

Curtis, the most conspicuous living advocate of the pseudo nation, said Rhode Island had after independence, and of course up to her adoption of the Constitution, "absolute sovereignty." [II Hist. Const'n, 599.]

Again:—"The meeting of the States [to form a Constitution] was purely voluntary: they met as equals, and they were *sovereign political communities*, whom no power could rightfully coerce into a change of their condition." [*Ibid.*]

Again:—"The relations of the individual to the political society, of which he is a member, * * came into existence as soon as a sovereign American State was formed out of a revolted British colony." [Let. to N. Y. World, 1869.]

Again:—"The source of fundamental law is found in the sovereign authority of the people of a distinct State to order the political conditions of society. It cannot be doubted that this is the very highest of all human authority." [*Ibid.*]

Hundreds of pages of such proofs and admissions as the above could be given, and American History contains nothing to the contrary. "The people" then were Republics; *i. e.*, societies of people, governing themselves; all governmental functionaries, State or Federal, being their servants and agents, and not above them.

The societies, New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, *et als.*, being complete and independent, and NAMED IN THE CONSTITUTION, were likened to pillars voluntarily taking their place in an edifice, or to stars of a constellation. As entities, they were as separate as stars. Let us then symbolize the States by thirteen stars in a row, thus designating the people of the United States; *i. e.*, the thirteen Republics, or States, at the time when all agreed and guaranteed that each was sovereign, and when they were together proceeding to devise the Constitution, which they afterwards established by separate adoptions; and next, below the thirteen symbols, we will draw the line indicating the Federal Constitution, they, as sovereigns, devised and established. The next line below will be the tripartite government; and, lastly, will come the subjects of government, viz: the people and their belongings.

This is intended to be—

A BLACKBOARD DEMONSTRATION OF AN ERROR,

Which is probably the most signal, but highly respectable, blunder in history, since its authors and supporters are the very highest of the professed expounders of the Constitution—some of them being the sworn officials charged with protecting the lives and sovereignty of their masters and principals—the American Republics.

"*The People of the United States*," i. e., *the 13 Republics in 1787.*

1 * * * * *

2 "*The Federal Constitution, they, in Congress, declared established,*

Sept. 13, 1788.

3 "*The Federal Government*," *organized March, 1789.*

4 "*The people and their belongings—the subjects of the government.*

Now, no one will dare to deny that this is the proper collocation of the grades of political authority, for the States did actually and voluntarily devise and establish the Constitution, while there was, out of them, no acre or man for a nation; and all statements of national mind or action in the premises are false. The States *filed* the separate ratifications, which the Constitution itself declared "*sufficient for the establishment*" thereof, in the archives of Congress, there to remain and eternally belie the national theory. We can neither assert the acts of the States out of the record nor argue State seals from the bond.

Provinces achieved independence and statehood. Afterwards they agreed and guaranteed that each State was sovereign. Each must have acted in such character through the making of the Constitution. The *status* of each must have continued thereafter.

It is absurd to suppose they did not retain sovereignty, to effectuate their own purpose of governing their subjects. Again, they began their work with their own "*absolute supremacy*"; they could not foolishly subject themselves to the "*absolute supremacy*" of their constituted agency.

Surely, they could not begin as States and end as provinces, achieving statehood by bloody revolution, and soon swapping it for countyhood. It cannot be that they violently severed themselves from one nation to become subordinate parts of another—exchanging a personal king for a corporate one.

Again, as these societies made a voluntary union, they could not, without a supervening revolution, be subject to involuntary and indissoluble relations. Nor could "the parties to the compact"—as Hamilton called them—after having established an agency, become subordinate and allegiant to it, without treasonable violence or fraud.

In fine, if the pernicious theory in question be maintained, we shall have reached a subversion of the republic—a change from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of their agency—"the very way," says the great Burke, "*in which all the free magistracies of the world have been perverted from their purposes.*"

THE CONSTITUTION REPUDIATES NATIONALISM.

In the foregoing quotation from "Davis and Lee" it is shown that the Convention of States repudiated the national theory [see also R. of R., Part III, ch. VII]; let us now see how the Constitution annihilates it.

I. The States were, in the Constitution, designated with proper nouns, as preëxistent political societies, each with its own name, geography, people, organism, and political authority; and as each was agreed by all to be sovereign, and as no change was provided for or hinted at in the instrument, it is absurd to suppose that any was made. Hence we may assert, as Hamilton did, that the States remained "the parties to the compact" and the "essential component parts of the Union." [Fed. 85; II Ell. Deb. 304.]

II. It is absurd to suppose that the named societies of people—viz., New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, *et als*—started in the work of constituting self-government, possessing the "all-power," and all original and inherent RIGHTS given by the Deity; and ended the work only possessed of PRIVILEGES under their own Constitution, and with delegative duties imposed on them by superior authority. No one can believe such theory.

III. As the States, by their respective ratifications, established what they together had devised, they necessarily reserved—*i. e.*, kept back what they did not delegate in the language used; hence it is alike false and foolish to talk about *rights* reserved to them in the Constitution, and still more so for such expounders to call themselves "State-rights men." Reservations thus made to the States would be, at best, but "*privileges.*"

IV. Citizenship is a *status*, which the Constitution recognizes as preëstablished. "The people of the United States" are, in fact, and

constitutionally members, citizens and subjects of States, and the Federal law was laid on them and their obedience commanded by States. [See Art. IV, § 2; Art. III, § 2; Am. Ed. XI; Rep. of Rep. 4th Ed., Part V, ch. VII.] The Democratic caucus resolution that our people are *citizens of two governments*, owing allegiance to both, is not even respectable sophistry, let alone truth.

V. All voters belong originally and absolutely to the States, and all the representatives, senators, and presidential electors are freely "chosen" or "appointed," by the said States, from their own members or subjects, and have title to office and right to act in Federal matters only through the commissions and under the seals of their respective States. In short, and obviously, all the life and validity of the Constitution come from States; all the "powers" of it are "delegated" by them and "vested" in its "governments," and all its operations of every kind and character are theirs—they themselves really being "the Government" of the country for general affairs.

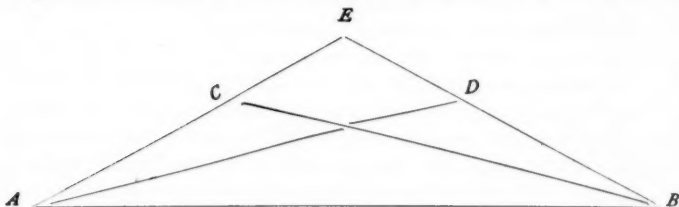
"THE STATES" ARE THE REAL "GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

No one who searches for truth, and thinks, can fail to see that "the people" are the States and the States the people—all being "the people of the United States" and "citizens of different States," as the Constitution itself says; that the associated States themselves are really and necessarily "the government of [*i. e.* belonging to] the United States;"—the so-called Government being only their agency; that all the authority in the Constitution is delegated or entrusted in writing, by the States, for their own use, to their own servants, who are, in technical *status*, describable as their "substitutes and agents [see the original bills of rights and Elliot's Debates, *passim*];" and finally, that the Convention of 1787, unanimously declared as follows: "The style of this Government shall be the United States of America"—thus showing beyond doubt that the republics or self-governing societies of people were to continue to be, as they had been, the governing powers of the land. [See Rep. of Rep's, part III, ch. VII.]

ANOTHER FUNDAMENTAL ERROR EXPOSED.

Before concluding I will give another blackboard-demonstration of error—as to sovereignty—which is of vital moment. The bottom line of the following diagram "A" to "B" is the extent of gov-

erning jurisdiction. "The Federal and State Governments," says Madison, "are but different agents of the people." "Sovereignty," continues he, "resides with the people alone." "C" is the State agency, "D" the Federal one. Each acts over the whole ground.



We must predicate agency, and not sovereignty, of these agents, "C" and "D." The people alone are sovereign and are represented by "E." They have set two servants to work in the same field. They control both and prevent conflict. "The house is" not "divided against itself." The able writer who said "the problem left us by the Convention is to harmonize National and State sovereignty," "loses sight of the people"—to use Madison's expression. The only sovereignty is theirs. "C" and "D" are always agents subject to it. There was no such problem!

It may be well to say here that Hon. George F. Edmunds and Hon. David Dudley Field, as the former shows in the *North American Review*, seem to think "teetering" or "seesawing" is going on, as to dominance, between the General Government and the States, and they call it a principle! and conclude that the great duty or problem is to keep *equilibrium*!

IN CONCLUSION,

It is painful to test by truth, doctrines taught by great and revered teachers, and reduce them to falsity; but the duty is imperative and vital to institutional freedom, and the demonstration should be both historical and pictorial, so that even the boys—the coming power-holders of the country—shall, while forming their momentous political habitudes of thought and action, know and despise such doctrines as untruths!

IN FACT, THESE DOCTRINES ARE REFUTED FALSEHOODS;

And they so appear in American History, being originally charges which were made by the foes of the Constitution to defeat it, and

which was proved untrue by the fathers, viz : "Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and the rest." Will not the reimposition of them be alike fraudulent, revolutionary and detestable? For a complete *exposé* of the wrong, see the Republic of Republics, part III, ch. 1, p. 159.

THESE EXPOUNDERS ARE AWAY FROM THE ORIGINAL ROCK—

Away from Republican tenets—away from the organic laws of the people—away from the faith of the fathers, and away from the doctrines of the publicists. They seem never to have comprehended the system aimed at. Montesquieu and Vattel, who guided our fathers in federalizing, held that liberty and self-government were only possible in small societies, while the size and strength and the stability needed among nations is to be attained by their uniting themselves into a "Confederate Republic," or "Republic of Republics." It was numerous commonwealths, or self-governing peoples, united in one system, that the founders contemplated; and the extension of "the area of freedom" over America was to be Federal, and not National. "*New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union,*" tells the whole grand story of the ocean-bounded "Republic of Republics." And the States showed that they adhered to and consummated the federalizing plan, by declaring unanimously in their Convention, as we have seen, that "*the style of this government shall be the United STATES of America.*" The people "established" a perpetual, voluntary union of States—a Republic of Republics. "Nation," indeed! It simply means revolution, empire, and subject peoples everywhere!

GREATNESS AND GLORY ATTENDED THE UNION OF STATES,

And "we, the people," enjoyed "the blessings of liberty," and consequently "domestic tranquility;" "the sacred ties," amity, mutual interest and justice were preserved, and the polity seemed immortal; but through perversion and usurpation nationalism supervened, and "hell followed with" it; or, perhaps it were better to say, it brought "the abomination of desolation!"

Respectfully,

P. C. CENTZ, *Barrister,*
The Author of the "*Republic of Republics.*"

Reunion of the Virginia Division Army Northern Virginia Association

The annual gathering of this Association in the State capitol at Richmond took place on the evening of October the 23d, 1884, and was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. A large number of distinguished Confederates were present—a notable feature of the occasion being that about twenty-five veterans of the "Maryland Line," under command of General Geo. H. Steuart, came as an escort to the orator, and were enthusiastically welcomed by their Virginia comrades—and the hall was packed with a brilliant audience.

General W. H. F. Lee, President of the Association, called the meeting to order, Chaplain J. Wm. Jones led in prayer, and General Lee (in graceful, appropriate and very complimentary phrase) then introduced, as orator of the evening, General Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore. General Johnson was greeted with hearty cheers, and was frequently interrupted with warm applause as he delivered the following

ADDRESS ON THE FIRST MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Within five years after the surrender and dispersion of the Confederate armies, it was considered necessary by some of those who had borne arms in the defence of the Confederate States that an organization should be formed for the purpose of perpetuating the comradeship and preserving the *esprit* of those four years of ordeal, and of collecting material for history; whereby the honor of our dead should be protected, and justice done by posterity to the aspirations, the motives, and the deeds of those who had fought and failed. A plan of such an organization was submitted to General Lee, but he did not think the time had arrived for such an action.

But when, in October, 1870, all Christendom stood uncovered before that open grave, at Lexington, when the South bent over the bier of her great chief, and the heart of Virginia was wrung at her bereavement, a great concourse of citizens, and patriots, and veterans came together here, in Richmond, to do honor to his memory, and to give expression to the feelings that stirred the whole people. Then and there it was determined to carry out the intention which had been formulated the year before, and the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was formed. In the fourteen years that have succeeded, the largest portion of its work has been as-

sumed, and has been most admirably carried out by the Southern Historical Society

But our Association has efficiently performed its part. All over the South soldier memorial societies have been formed, and are being formed, and we can now confidently leave to time and to truth the vindication of our motives, the defence of our political action, and the description of the genius, the courage, and the achievements of the Confederate soldier.

Brief, but glorious, was that epoch that blazed out in the history of all time, but no four years have ever produced such results, or made such impression on the art of war.

The Confederate war-ship, Virginia (Merrimac), made a complete revolution in naval architecture and warfare.

The Confederate torpedo service has made an entire change in the system of defence of water-ways.

The Confederate cavalry raid has necessitated an alteration in the tactics, as well as the strategy of armies and Generals.

Von Borcke told me that while Stuart's raid around McClellan was not regarded with respect by the Prussian Generals in the Prusso-Austrian campaign, of 1866, the principle of thus using cavalry was adopted in full by them in the Franco-Prussian campaign, of 1870, and that now Stuart was considered the first cavalry General of the century, as the campaigns of Lee and Jackson were the models taught from, in Continental Military Schools.

While the civil war afforded many brilliant illustrations of genius for war, of daring and heroic achievement, while the valley campaign furnishes a model and the defence of Richmond in 1864, an exhibition of defensive operations, alike the wonder and the admiration of soldiers all over the world, the fourteen days occupied by the First Maryland campaign were probably more remarkable for their performances and their results than any other episode of the war.

Taking into consideration the time occupied, the distances marched, the results achieved and the incredible disparity of numbers between the armies engaged, the operations of that campaign were as extraordinary as any ever recorded for the same period of time.

On the first day of January, 1862, the President of the United States issued a general order, somewhat theatrical, to all of the armies of the United States, directing them to make a general advance on the 22d of February, then ensuing, on the whole line extending

from Washington city to the Missouri river. The forces intended for the reduction of Virginia were the Army of Western Virginia, General Fremont, the Army of the Potomac, General McClellan, and the Army of North Carolina, General Burnside. After this general movement had been made a fourth army was organized as the Army of Virginia which was to coöperate with these converging columns in the general movement on the Capital of the Confederate States. Burnside's army occupied Roanoke Island and New Berne and seated itself on the flank of Richmond. Fremont moved up the Valley as far as Cross Keys where he met his checkmate from Jackson on the 9th of June.

McClellan advanced up the Peninsula as far as Mechanicsville, three and a half miles from Richmond, and after seven days' hard fighting, June 26th to July 1st, succeeded in changing his base to Harrison's Landing, on the James, thirty miles from Richmond—a hazardous and meritorious undertaking, when nothing better could be done; and Major-General John Pope had been first checked by Jackson at Cedar Run, August 9th, and then, with the consolidated armies of Burnside, Fremont, McClellan and his own, had been escorted back to the fortification on the south bank of the Potomac, from which McClellan had moved with such confidence and high expectation in obedience to President Lincoln's general order in the preceding spring. On the 2d of September General McClellan was directed verbally by Mr. Lincoln to assume command of the demoralized mass of troops, which had just been beaten under Pope at Manassas.

His order to General Pope on that occasion epitomizes, more graphically than I can, the results of the six months' campaign of four armies to reduce Virginia. His order was in these words:

“HEADQUARTERS, Washington, Sept. 2d, 1862.

“GENERAL,—General Halleck instructed me to report to you the order he sent this morning, to withdraw your army to Washington, without unnecessary delay. He feared that his messenger might miss you, and desired to take this double precaution.

In order to bring troops upon ground with which they are already familiar, it would be best to move Porter's Corps upon Upton's Hill, that it may occupy Hall's Hill, &c.; McDowell's to Upton's Hill; Franklin's to the works in front of Alexandria; Heintzelman's to the

same vicinity; Couch to Fort Corcoran, or, if practicable, to the Chain Bridge; Sumner either to Fort Albany, or to Alexandria, as the case may be most convenient.

In haste, General, very truly yours,

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General United States Army.

Major General John Pope,
Commanding Army of Virginia.

The old lines of Upton's, Hall's and Munson's hills, with the peach orchards, and the gardens, that we fought over and occupied, in September, 1861, were to be re-taken and re-occupied by the four armies seeking refuge from Lee's pursuit, in September, 1862.

The number of troops who thus sheltered themselves by McClellan's command behind the fortifications of Washington was 160,000. There were besides, in the Lower Valley, at Winchester, Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry, over 11,000 more. General Lee had with him probably about 40,000 men of all arms present for duty.

Under these circumstances, it was impossible to stay where he was, re-occupy the old Centreville lines, and wait until his adversary had refreshed and reorganized the immense force at his disposal. That would have been increased by the concentration of seasoned troops from the West and volunteers from the whole North. A sufficient force could then have held the Confederate Army in Northern Virginia, while an overpowering column would have taken Richmond on the flank from York River or the James. The same objection would apply to an occupation of the line of the Rappahannock, with the additional serious objection that the fertile counties along the Potomac and in the lower valley would be thereby abandoned to the Federal occupation.

Therefore, there was only one practicable movement to make and that was, to cross the Potomac, relieve Virginia from the war for the present, and at least delay further aggressive operations on the part of the Federal Generals, until the season itself should interpose an insuperable barrier to further advance for that year.

I believe that I know that the Maryland campaign was not undertaken by General Lee under any delusive hope that his presence there would produce a revolution in Maryland, and such a rising as would give a large force of reinforcements to him.

During the march of the 4th of September, General Jackson re-

quired me to give him a detailed description of the country in Maryland on the other side of the Potomac, of which I was a native, and with the topography, resources, and political condition of which I was familiar. I impressed upon him emphatically the fact that a large portion of the people were ardent Unionists; that perhaps an equal number were equally ardent sympathizers with the Confederate cause, still, they had been since June, 1861, so crushed beneath the overwhelming military force, that they could not be expected to afford us material aid until we gave them assurance of an opportunity for relief, by an occupation promising at least some permanence. That night General Jackson invited me to accompany him to General Lee's headquarters in Leesburg, and there requested me to repeat our conversation of the day to the latter. I did so at length.

General Lee particularly required information as to the topography of the banks of the Potomac between Loudoun county, Virginia, and Frederick county, Maryland, and those about Harpers Ferry and Williamsport. After several hours the conversation ceased.

Jackson sat bolt upright asleep.

Lee sat straight, solemn, and stern, and at last said, as if in soliloquy: "When I left Richmond, I told the President that I would, if possible, relieve Virginia of the pressure of these two armies. If I cross *here*, I may do so at the cost of men, but with a saving of time. If I cross at Williamsport, I can do so with saving of men, but at cost of time. I wish Walker were up," or words expressing a desire or anxiety about Walker. This incident I relate to prove what, in my judgment, was the real objective of General Lee in the Maryland campaign. It was not as the Count of Paris states in his history of the civil war, or as General Palfrey, in his well-considered and elaborate memoir of Antietam says, that by the transfer of the seat of war to the north banks of the Potomac the secessionists of Maryland would be afforded an opportunity to rise, and by revolution, supported by Lee's army, transfer Maryland to the Confederation of States.

General Lee knew perfectly well that a people who had been under military rule for fifteen months, who had been subjugated by every method known to military and relentless force, could not organize resistance or revolution until confidence in themselves and their cause was restored by the presence of an abiding and permanent power. Therefore it seems beyond dispute that the first Maryland campaign was undertaken by General Lee solely and entirely as part of his defensive operation for the protection of Virginia. It was an

offensive-defensive operation, having as its objective neither the invasion of Pennsylvania nor the redemption of Maryland, but only the relief of the Confederacy, as far as the means at his command would permit. The reason for, and object of, the Maryland campaign cannot be better stated than was done by General Lee himself in his report: "The armies of Generals McClellan and Pope," says he, "had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the Spring and Summer. The objects of their campaigns had been frustrated, and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and Western Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions. Northeastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchments of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harpers Ferry and Martinsburg. The war was thus transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs, in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass, without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland. Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war, and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the Northern frontier, until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable. The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington government to retain all its available force to provide against contingencies, which its course toward the people of that State gave it reason to apprehend.

At the same time it was hoped that military success might afford an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might feel disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington government, than from active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion,

and crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, in order that, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, the enemy would be forced to withdraw from the south bank of the Potomac, and thus the wounded and captured property on the field of Manassas be relieved from threatened attack. And afterward, this result accomplished, it was proposed to move the army into Western Maryland, establish our communication with Richmond, through the Valley of Shenandoah, and, by threatening Pennsylvania, induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies."

General's Lee's purpose, then, in transferring the seat of war to the north of the Potomac was: 1st. To relieve Virginia from the pressure of the contending armies, and delay another invasion until the next season. 2d. To inflict as great an injury, material and moral, to his enemy as was practicable. 3d. To reinforce the Confederacy by the alliance of Maryland, which could have been certainly secured by a permanent occupation, and by an exhibition of superior force. 4th. As a consequence, the occupation of the Federal capital, the evacuation of it by the Federal government, the acknowledgment of the Confederate government as a government *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, by France and England, and the necessary achievement of the independence of the Confederate States.

During the summer of 1862, the Emperor of the French had been openly in sympathy with the cause of the Confederate States, and under the name of, sometimes mediation, sometimes recognition, had always been anxious to intervene in their behalf. He was pressing the English government, without ceasing, to unite with him in acknowledging the existence of the new government, and recognition, as all the world knew at that time, meant independence. Therefore, when Lee crossed the Potomac, he was playing for a great stake. He had the certainty of relieving his own country from the burden of the war, and of beating back invasion until the next year; and he had the possibility of ending the war and achieving the independence of his people by one short and brilliant stroke of genius, endurance and courage. How he accomplished the first, and why he failed in the last, it shall be my endeavor to make plain in this narrative.

The victory at Manassas had left Lee with about 40,000 men. He had cooped up in the entrenchments of Washington about 160,000 men. The army which he led was composed of the veterans of Jackson's Foot Cavalry, of Hill's Light Division, and of Longstreet's First corps, seasoned by the marches and tempered by the victories in the Valley, in the seven days' battles, at Cedar Run

and at Second Manassas, over Banks, Fremont, Shields, McClellan and Pope. Jackson's men had been marching and fighting from May 23rd to September 1st. The two Hill's and Longstreet's, from June 25th to the same date.

The troops who were left after these campaigns were as hard and tough as troops ever have been, for the process of elimination had dropped out all the inferior materials.

Jackson left the Waterloo bridge on the Rappahannock on the 25th of August, and no rations were issued to his people until they camped about Frederick on the 6th of September—twelve days afterwards. They had marched and fought during that time, subsisting on green corn, or such supplies as the men individually could pick up on the roadside, except some rations captured at Manassas. The rest of the army was no better off; therefore, when Lee undertook the forward movement over the Potomac, numbers of brave men fell out of ranks, barefooted and utterly broken down from want of proper food.

While the army was in Virginia they struggled along as best they could, and a few days' halt for rest or battle enabled them to catch up and rejoin their colors. As soon as the Potomac was crossed, they were cut off and prevented from reoccupying their positions in ranks until the army returned to Virginia. Thus it was that the army which followed Lee into Maryland was so reduced that the statements as to its numerical strength have ever since furnished ground for incredulous criticism by Northern writers. It is a fact, however, that when the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac on the 4th and 5th days of September, 1862, not more than 35,000 men were present for duty. There were then in and about Washington 160,000, as McClellan's report shows.

The first days of September were laden with anxious forebodings to the leaders of the Union side.

The Army of the Potomac had been driven to shelter behind those intrenchments it had constructed in 1861, to protect the capital from the victorious troops of Johnston and Beauregard. The Army of Virginia, demoralized and disorganized, had sought the protection of the same works.

The armies of Fremont and of Burnside had ceased to exist, and had been absorbed in the rout of the armies of the Potomac and of Virginia. The President of the United States, distracted by grave cares, seems to have been the only one who preserved his faculties

and exercised his judgment. His advisers, Stanton and Halleck, dominated by jealousy and hatred of McClellan, had united to destroy him, and during the second battle of Manassas had left him at Alexandria, within hearing of Lee's guns, his troops ordered to Pope, and himself without even the troop of cavalry, his customary escort.

Lee disappeared from the front of Washington on the 3d of September. That he had fallen back into Virginia was incredible. That he was marching up the south bank of the Potomac was entirely probable. Whither was he going? What were his intentions? Would he cross above Washington, and with his army of 40,000 veterans capture the disorganized mass of 160,000 men there cowering under the heavy guns of the engineers' forts, expel the Federal officials from Washington, plant the battle flag of the Confederacy on the capitol of the United States, conquer an acknowledgement and recognition by the Powers, and achieve the independence of the South? Or would he cross the Blue Ridge, pass the Potomac beyond that barrier of mountains, and hold their defiles, while reinforcements poured down the Valley of the Shenandoah, and his victorious columns swept through Pennsylvania, and laid Philadelphia under contribution, and thus transfer the seat of war to Union territory and conquer a peace there? These were the terrible possibilities of the hour to the Union chiefs.

On the 1st of September the President sought an interview with General McClellan, who was then absolutely without a command, and told him that he had reason to believe that the Army of the Potomac was not cheerfully coöperating with and supporting General Pope; that "he had always been a friend of mine," says McClellan in his report, "and asked him as a special favor to use his influence in correcting this state of things; to telegraph Fitz John Porter or some other of his friends, and try to do away with any feeling that might exist; that he could rectify the evil, and that no one else could."

This picture of the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of a great nation, interceding with his subordinate, whom he had permitted to be disgraced within the preceding week, to use his personal influence to persuade soldiers to do their duty, is certainly an interesting one. It proves that they knew and feared McClellan's power.

On the next day, September 2d, Mr. Lincoln verbally directed McClellan to take command of the army.

He proceeded at once with extraordinary energy to re-organize it. He constituted his right wing, under command of Major-General

Burnside, of the Ninth corps under Reno and First corps under Hooker. His centre under Sumner consisted of the Twelfth corps, Mansfield, and Second corps, Sumner.

His left wing was constituted of Sixth corps, Franklin and Couch's division of the Fourth corps, Sykes's division followed in the main the march of the centre. The right wing and centre numbered about 30,000 men each and the left wing about 20,000.

Sykes's division consisted of 6,000 men and the cavalry under Pleasonton of 4,500.

The authorities at Washington were in such panic that they would not permit McClellan to move out until he had left 72,000 behind him to defend the capital. During the ensuing fourteen days Halleck was constantly telegraphing McClellan that he must be careful lest Lee should evade him and pounce down on the defenceless city. Therefore when McClellan moved north of Washington he kept his left along the north bank of the Potomac. And his right extended toward the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, so as to cover the approaches to both Baltimore and Washington. Lee's army was divided into two corps, the First under Longstreet, with the divisions of R. H. Anderson, Hood, McLaws, and J. G. Walker, and the Second under Jackson, of the divisions of Jackson, Ewell, A. P. Hill and D. H. Hill.

Longstreet's First corps consisted of 15,855 men, Jackson's Second corps of 11,400, with him also was the cavalry division of J. E. B. Stuart, comprising the brigades of Fitz. Lee, Hampton, and Robertson, the latter under Munford, the whole probably, for there are no reports of the cavalry, numbering as many as 4,500, his artillery is estimated at 3,000 effective men. I follow Colonel Taylor's laborious and exact statement as to Lee's numbers, and General McClellan's as to his own.

On September 4th, Lee's army was concentrated about Leesburg. McClellan had moved his Second, Ninth and Twelfth corps, and Couch's division to the north side of the Potomac and north of Washington on the Seventh-Street road, and to Tenalltown. The cavalry, under Pleasonton, was pushed along the river to watch the fords in the neighborhood of Poolesville. On the afternoon of September 4th, D. H. Hill sent Anderson's brigade to fire on the Federal trains across the Potomac at Berlin, and with two other brigades drove away the Federal cavalry pickets near the mouth of Monocacy, and crossed at White's Ford. During the night of the

4th and day of the 5th, Lee's whole army crossed at the same place, the cavalry, under Stuart, bringing up the rear.

The infantry camped that night at the Three Springs, in Frederick county, nine miles from Frederick. The cavalry passed at once to the flank, and extended an impenetrable veil of pickets across Montgomery and Frederick counties, from the Potomac to New Market, beyond the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and on the National turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick. Robertson's brigade, under Munford, was posted on the right with his advance at Poolesville; Hampton's at Hyattstown, and Fitz. Lee's at New Market; cavalry headquarters were established at Urbana, eight miles southwest of Frederick, and in the rear of the centre of the line thus established. This was the position on the night of September 5th. On the 6th, Lee moved his infantry to Frederick, the cavalry retaining its line. On the same day McClellan moved out as far as Rockville, which brought him within fifteen miles of Stuart's pickets. By the 9th he had cautiously pushed out some eight or nine miles further, the right wing, under Burnside, occupying Brookville; the centre Middlebrook, and Franklin on the left Darnestown; while Couch was kept close on the Potomac at the mouth of Seneca. The position thus taken by McClellan was a defensive one, on the ridges along the line of Seneca Creek, and was intended by him to be occupied in defensive battle. He had no idea of attacking, and, as far as can be seen, his single hope was to interpose such a force in front of Washington as might best defend an advance from the conquering legions of Lee.

General McClellan was undoubtedly overpowered by his own estimate of the forces, moral, political and military, of his adversary. He knew Lee's character, and his career in Mexico. He knew the value of personality in war, and he knew that those forces were, beyond estimate, greater than his. He believed, and it was not discreditable to an honorable and high-spirited man to believe, that the army which had overcome him before Richmond was numerically superior to his own forces. He so represented to Halleck and Stanton again and again. In the battles before Richmond General McClellan held under his control for actual operations 115,102 effectives.

During the same period Lee controlled 80,835 men. Yet on June 25th, 1862, McClellan reported to Stanton, Secretary of War, that Lee's force was stated to be 200,000, and on June 26th he states that the secret service reports his force to be 180,000, which he does not consider excessive. Therefore, after the defeats around Richmond,

and after the disasters of Second Manassas, McClelland believed and so reported that the troops under Lee amounted to 97,445. We can sympathize with, and appreciate the feelings with which, on September 4th, in command of 90,000 soldiers of the campaigns of the Seven Days' battles and of Second Manassas, he left the shelter of the fortifications at Washington, to seek for and give battle to Lee with 97,445 fighting men. It is not discreditable to him, his Generals, or his soldiers, for us to believe that they sought a rendezvous for which they were not anxious. This view of the condition of McClellan's mind will account for many things otherwise incomprehensible, in the events of the succeeding ten days.

While McClellan marched out of Washington to protect the capital against an army which he believed to be overwhelming, he was handicapped still more by the apprehensions of the Washington government.

They distrusted him. He had no confidence in them. They were pervaded with apprehensions that Lee's movement into Western Maryland was a strategic ruse to secure from McClellan an abandonment of the capital in order that Lee might by a quick march turn his left, and seize Washington before he could strike a blow in its defence. During the whole of the Union General's advance into Maryland, he was trammelled and harrassed by constant cautions from the General-in-Chief that he should protect them. He says in his report:

"I left Washington on the 7th of September. At this time it was known that the mass of the Rebel army had passed up the south side of the Potomac in the direction of Leesburg, and that a portion of that army had crossed into Maryland, but whether it was their intention to cross their whole force with a view to turn Washington by a flank movement down the north bank of the Potomac, to move on Baltimore, or to invade Pennsylvania, were questions which at that time we had no means of determining. This uncertainty as to the intentions of the enemy obliged me, up to the 13th of September, to march cautiously, and to advance the army in such order as continually to keep Washington and Baltimore covered, and at the same time to hold the troops well in hand so as to be able to concentrate and follow rapidly if the enemy took the direction of Pennsylvania, or to return to the defence of Washington, if as was greatly feared by the authorities, the enemy should be merely making a feint with a small force to draw off our army, while with their main forces they stood ready to seize the first favorable opportunity to attack the capital."

On September 9th, Halleck telegraphed to McClellan: "It may be the enemy's object to draw off the mass of our forces and then attempt to attack from the Virginia side of the Potomac."

Lee's 35,000 men were on that day preparing to march northward from Frederick.

On the 12th President Lincoln telegraphed McClellan: "I have advices that Jackson is crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, and probably the whole Rebel army will be drawn from Maryland." "Please do not let him get off without being hurt."

On the 13th Halleck telegraphed him: "I am of opinion that the enemy will send a small column towards Pennsylvania to draw off your forces in that direction, then suddenly move on Washington with the forces south of the Potomac, and there he may cross over."

Jackson, McLaws and Walker were on that day investing Harpers Ferry. On the 14th Halleck telegraphed: "Scouts report a large force still on the Virginia side of the Potomac; if so, I fear you are exposing your left and rear."

Harpers Ferry surrendered at 8 A. M. on September 15th. And on September 16th, the day after the surrender of Harpers Ferry, he again telegraphed: "I think, however, you will find that the whole force of the enemy in your front has crossed the river; I fear now more than ever that they will recross at Harpers Ferry, or below, and turn your left, thus cutting you off from Washington. This has appeared to me to be a part of their plan, and hence my anxiety on the subject. A heavy rain might prevent it."

This was the day when McClellan was feeling along Lee's front at Sharpsburg, and the day before the battle. *No heavy rain ever did prevent Lee's movements, or hinder Jackson, Longstreet or the Hills.* Just before this point of time occurred one of those incidents which, unforeseen and astounding, change the conduct of campaigns and the fortunes of war.

Western Maryland is traversed by the Catocin range of mountains running through Frederick county from the Potomac to Pennsylvania. Parallel and about eight miles northwest runs the South Mountain, the extension through Maryland of the Blue Ridge, the dividing line between Frederick and Washington counties.

From two miles and a half to three miles northwest of South Mountain runs the Elk Ridge from the Potomac, extending almost eight miles parallel to the South mountain.

The Valley of the Monocacy is east of the Catocin. Between it and South Mountain is Middleton Valley, and between South Moun-

tain and Elk Ridge is Pleasant Valley. Along the base of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, the Shenandoah empties into the Potomac. At the confluence of the two rivers is Harpers Ferry. It is dominated on the Maryland side by the southern terminus of Elk Ridge, called Maryland Heights, and on the Virginia side by the northern end of Blue Ridge, known as Loudoun Heights. Harpers Ferry is, of itself, a *cul de sac*, indefensible against the dominating heights on either side. Both Loudoun Heights and Maryland Heights are accessible from the rear by roads, and can be carried by a determined attack.

When Lee crossed into Maryland he knew that eleven thousand Federal troops were stationed at Winchester, Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry. After he had crossed, he was informed that they had retired from Winchester. He supposed as he had a right to expect that they would evacuate the line of the Upper Potomac, and withdraw by way of Hagerstown into Pennsylvania. It is singular, but true, that whenever Lee anticipated his adversary's making a blunder he was never disappointed; whenever he relied upon his acting upon sound rules of strategy his expectations always failed. So it was, that when he relied upon the evacuation of Harpers Ferry he found that he was entirely mistaken in his calculations.

On the 9th of September he learned that the forces in the Lower Valley had been concentrated at Harpers Ferry. In order to dispose of this threat upon his flank and rear, he at once set his army in motion, directing Major-General J. G. Walker to proceed by the Virginia side to occupy Loudoun Heights, Major-General McLaws, with Major-General R. H. Anderson, to take possession of Maryland Heights, and Jackson, with the Second corps, to proceed by way of Williamsport and Martinsburg to invest Harpers Ferry, on the line between the Potomac and the Shenandoah. General Jackson was directed to take charge of the movement, and the detached columns were ordered to be in position on Friday, the 12th. Longstreet, with eleven brigades, and Hill, with five, were ordered to take position at Boonsboro, where the rest of the army was ordered to join them after the reduction of Harpers Ferry. At day-light, on the 10th, his army moved, on the National road, from Frederick to Hagerstown. McClellan explains the tardiness of his movements, because, he says, his troops and trains moving on one road would have made a column fifty miles long. Lee found no such difficulty. His army swept along the broad turnpike in three close parallel columns, artillery and trains in the centre, and infantry on each side.

THE FABLE OF BARBARA FRITCHIE.

The march of the army of Northern Virginia through the streets of Frederick on the 10th of September, was the occasion of a scandalous invention in derogation of its honor, which has gone to the world as the "ballad of Barbara Fritchie." The point and the pathos of this creation of the imagination, is in the description of a scene, in which an aged and decrepit woman, fired by patriotism and nerved by a courage, in which the men were lacking, flaunted the flag of the United States, defiantly in the face of the Confederate column as it swept through Frederick. That, by order of Stonewall Jackson, a volley was fired at her and her flag, and then, seized by sudden remorse, the ideal Confederate hero, passed on with heart wrung by shame, and head bowed by grief, at the unnatural crime of which he had been guilty. It transmits in smooth and melodious verse, the explicit statement that one of the chief historical characters of the Confederacy, he, whom the love of his contemporaries, and the veneration of the good in the whole world, have singled out and apotheosized as the hero, the genius, the martyr of the cause of honor, chivalry and patriotism—that Stonewall Jackson ordered Confederate soldiers to fire on an old woman, feebly flaunting a flag out of a garret window, and then overwhelmed with remorse and grief, hung his head and fled from the scene of his shame. The function of the singer has in all time been akin to that of the prophet. While the latter gave expression to the will and the purposes of the gods, the former moulds into words, the hopes, the memories, and the aspirations of races, of people, and of nations. The real poet is under obligations to truth, for truth lives and stirs the heart, and perpetuates heroic deeds, and the desire to do them. Therefore there is no excuse for this slander and libel on the Confederate cause, the Confederate soldier and the Confederate hero. Not only is every allegation in the story of Barbara Fritchie false, but there never existed foundation for it. I was born in Frederick and lived there until May, 1861, when I joined the Confederate army. I had known Barbara Fritchie all my life. I knew where she lived, as well as I knew the town clock. At that time she was eighty-four years old, and had been bed-ridden for some time. She never saw a Confederate soldier, and probably no one of any kind. Her house was at the corner of Patrick street and the Town Creek bridge. The troops marched by there during a portion of the 10th of September. On that morning General Jack-

son and his staff rode into the town to the house of the Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman there, and paid a visit to Mrs. Ross, who was the daughter of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, Virginia, where Jackson lived, and whom he knew well. After the visit to Mrs. Ross, at the parsonage, which was next to the Presbyterian church, and not on the same street, nor near Mrs. Fritchie's house, he rode at the head of his staff by the Courthouse, down through the Mill alley, up to Patrick street some distance beyond the Fritchie house. He never passed it, and in all probability never saw it. It is needless to say that no such incident as that described by Whittier, could have occurred in the Confederate army, which was composed of men in all stations of life, fired by enthusiasm for the cause of honor, liberty and patriotism. The highest admiration and the warmest love of principle were the forces which directed and controlled it.

It is quite possible that the future historian may designate the passion that moved it, for four years of privation, of starvation, of battle, wounds and death, as fanatical. But it was devotion to the highest ideal which men or nations have ever created for themselves. Therefore, it was impossible for such men, so led, to perpetrate the puerile act laid to their charge, and no such thing occurred anywhere, in Frederick or elsewhere.

I doubt not that women and children waved Union flags in the faces of Confederates; such incidents were natural, and doubtless did occur. But the soldiers never resented it, on the contrary, it amused them, and the only punishment I ever heard of being administered to them, the fair patriots, was witticism, more or less rough, from the ready tongues of the privates in the ranks.

Jackson moved rapidly in advance to Boonsboro', then turned to the left, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, passed through Martinsburg and closed in on Harper's Ferry by noon of the 13th, a march of sixty-two miles in three days and a half, McLaws turned off the National road at Middletown and passed over the South Mountain range by Crampton's Gap into Pleasant Valley. After some sharp fighting he got possession of Maryland Heights on the afternoon of the 13th. Walker got to his place on Loudoun Heights during the evening of the 13th. At night of the 13th, therefore, the investment of Harper's Ferry was complete. Escape was impossible. Rescue by McClellan was the only salvation. General Lee, with Longstreet and the reserve artillery, had in the meantime gone into camp at Hagerstown and D. H. Hill at Boonsboro.

We left McClellan on the 9th occupying the ridges along the line of the Seneca. On the 10th he moved his centre some five miles further to Damascus and Clarksburgh, and his left to Poolesville and Barnesville where he came in contact with Stuart's lines. The duty of the cavalry was only to cover the movements of Lee which had begun that morning, and Stuart merely held his position until pressed back by McClellan's infantry. On the 11th he withdrew, still spreading a cordon of cavalry, covering about twenty miles between the Federal and Confederate armies.

Munford, with the Second and Twelfth Virginia cavalry (the rest of Robertson's brigade being on detached service), was moved back to Jefferson and thence to Crampton's Gap; Fitz Lee was directed to move from New Market around Frederick to the north and cross the Catocin range six miles above Frederick, while Hampton retired leisurely to Frederick, six miles distant. Familiarity with the topography, since boyhood, refreshed by personal inspection this summer, has only increased my admiration for Stuart's genius for war. In a strange country, with ordinary maps as his guides, his dispositions could not have been excelled, if he were operating over territory carefully described and accurately portrayed by the most skilful engineers. From the moment Lee crossed the Potomac, Stuart covered his positions and his movements with impenetrable secrecy, so far as McClellan was concerned, and he concealed Lee's movements so perfectly that McClellan reported that, on September 10th, "he received from his scouts information which rendered it quite probable that General Lee's army was in the vicinity of Frederick, but whether his intention was to move toward Baltimore or Pennsylvania was not then known."

Lee's whole army had, in fact, been for five days encamped around Frederick, and was then in full march up the National road. If it had not been for a piece of extraordinary negligence, McClellan never would have divined Lee's purposes until after Harpers Ferry had been taken, and with his army well in hand, reinforced, refreshed and rested, Lee would have delivered battle on his own conditions, with time and place of his own selection. No one, Union or Confederate, doubts what the issue of such a struggle would have been. The army of McClellan would have been routed, Baltimore and Washington opened to the Confederates, and then—what? This misfortune to the cause of the Confederacy will be described hereafter.

On September 11th, Lee having his army well-disposed beyond the South Mountain, and the two ranges of Catocin and South

Mountain having been interposed between his infantry and the Federal advance, McClellan threw forward his right, the Ninth and First corps, under Burnside, to New Market, taking the place of Fitz Lee's cavalry. He then began what was described as a grand left wheel, his right turning gradually so as to be advanced.

Fitz Lee kept his rear guard close to Burnside, and well advised of his movements. Hampton, with Stuart and the general staff, moved through Frederick. Stuart desired to defend the passes in the Catoctin, and ordered Munford to hold the gap at Jefferson for that purpose. But, Burnside pressed up the National road on the 12th, and Pleasonton's cavalry being unable to make an impression on Stuart, forced his infantry on him and Hampton in the streets of Frederick. One gun was placed in position in Patrick street, in front of the foundry, supported by a regiment and a half of infantry and a body of cavalry. Hampton was sitting on his horse, with his staff, in front of the City Hotel, some eight hundred yards off, in nearly a direct line. He sent the Second South Carolina cavalry, Colonel, now Senator, M. C. Butler, rattling down the street with a yell and a vim that might have started the stones out of the sidewalk.

Lieutenant Meighan led the advance squadron. The South Carolinians rode over guns, horses, infantry and artillery. Colonel Moore, Twenty-third Ohio, was captured. Five horses attached to the piece were killed, so that it could not be taken off. It was overset in the fray. Ten prisoners were carried off. This lesson taught Burnside caution, and Stuart held the pass at Hagans, where the National road crosses the Catoctin, five miles from Frederick; all the rest of the Twelfth, with the Jeff Davis Legion, and two guns.

On the Twelfth, then, Stuart's Cavalry held the Catoctin range, and McClellan had advanced his right under Burnside to Frederick, his centre under Sumner to Urbana and Ijamsville, while his left, under Franklin, still dragged behind close to the Potomac. Burnside was in contact with Stuart's cavalry at Hagans; but Sumner and Franklin were at least twelve miles from an enemy while they camped at Urbana and Barnesville.

The next day, September 13th, Walker, McLaws and Jackson, completed the investment of Harpers Ferry.

Halleck and Stanton were telegraphing McClellan with hot wires to save the army and material there. Frederick is twenty miles from Harpers Ferry. Stuart, on leaving Frederick, sent instructions to Fitz Lee to gain the enemy's rear and ascertain his force.

For the purpose of delaying his advance and giving all time possible for the capture of Harpers Ferry, and subsequent concentration of Lee's army, he called back Hampton's brigade on the morning of the 13th to assist the Jeff Davis Legion in holding the gap at Hagans.

They did so until midday of the 13th, when absolutely forced out of it by the irresistible pressure of Burnside's two corps; and during the 13th the cavalry made two separate stands against the Federal infantry in Middletown Valley, for the purpose of saving time and retarding the advance. By noon of the 13th, however, Burnside had obtained possession of the top of the mountain at Hagans. From that point is a most extensive and lovely view. Middletown Valley, rich in orchards, farm houses, barns, and flocks and herds spread before you, down to the Potomac and Virginia on the left, and up to Mason and Dixon's line and Pennsylvania on the right. The South Mountain, or Blue Ridge, stretches out, a wall of green on the western side of this Elysian scene, while Catoctin forms its eastern bounds. From Hagans the gap at Harpers Ferry is plainly visible. With a good glass you can see through it to the line and hills beyond. On the Maryland Heights was a high tower, erected for a signal station, and flags on it, and at Hagans it could have been readily distinguished. They were not eighteen miles apart. Rockets from the Maryland Heights and from Hagans would have been easily visible at either point. Notwithstanding this, although Burnside obtained possession of Hagans by noon on the 13th, before Walker had occupied Loudoun Heights, or McLaws had taken Maryland Heights, no attempt is recorded to have been made by either force to communicate by signal with the other during the half of the day so pregnant with fate for the garrison at Harpers Ferry. McClellan fired signal guns incessantly from the head of his relieving columns. They produced the impression upon Miles and White at Harpers Ferry of heavy cannonading, and a great battle somewhere, and scared them so badly that when the attack was really made upon them, they surrendered a strong position without striking a blow in its defence.

Stuart held tenaciously to his ground until driven from position to position by infantry, and after midday of the 13th, he drew back to the pass in the South Mountain, where the National road passes over it. He found the pass occupied by D. H. Hill, and turned Hampton off to the left and South, to move down Middletown valley by the foot of the mountain, to Crampton's Gap, which he considered the weakest part of Lee's lines. Hampton, on arriving at Burkettsville, joined Munford with his two fragments of regiments.

At night, then, of the 13th, this was the position of affairs. Jackson on Bolivar Heights, McLaws on Maryland Heights, and Walker on Loudoun Heights, had completely invested Harpers Ferry. Lee, with Longstreet, was near Hagerstown, D. H. Hill at Boonsboro', with the brigades of Colquitt and Garland in the pass through the South Mountain, known to history and the reports as Turner's Gap, Hampton and Munford guarded Crampton's Gap.

Reno's corps, of Burnside's right wing, at Middletown, four miles from the top of Turner's Gap. The corps of Hooker, Sumner, Mansfield and Sykes's division, around Frederick, eight miles from Middletown, and twelve from the top of Turner's Gap. Franklin was at Buckeystown, twelve miles from Crampton's Gap, with Couch's division three miles to his left, at Licksville. The roads were in capital condition. On the National road, three columns could move abreast, with numerous roads over Catocin, across Middletown Valley. Over the road from Buckeystown, Franklin could have marched his troops in a double column to Crampton's. McClellan held his troops everywhere within six hours' march of the passes of the South Mountain, which were defended at Crampton's by cavalry, and at Turner's by two weak brigades of infantry. Lee's army was divided in part by the narrow Pleasant Valley. If a march had been made by Reno, at sun-down, on Turner's Gap, and by Franklin on Crampton's, they would have been in possession of both passes by daylight of the 14th. With Franklin in possession of Crampton's Gap, he would have been five miles from Maryland Heights and Harpers Ferry. With Reno in Turner's Gap, the head of McClellan's columns would have been driven between D. H. Hill and Longstreet on the one side, and Jackson, McLaws and Walker on the other, and McClellan could have isolated and fought either before the other could come to its assistance. The caution with which General McClellan had moved forty-five miles in nine days might well be explained by his lack of knowledge of the position or the intentions of Lee, and the demoralized condition of his own beaten troops.

But on the 13th, by the most extraordinary fortune of war, McClellan received precise and official information of the exact position of each of the Confederate divisions on that very day. He was put in possession of Lee's orders to his corps Commanders, directing the details of the movement on Harpers Ferry. General McClellan says this order fell into his hands. The Count of Paris states that it was picked up from the corner of a table in the house, which had served

as headquarters to the Confederate General, D. H. Hill. A story current in Frederick is, that General Hill sat for sometime at the corner of Market and Patrick streets inspecting the march of his column as it moved by, and was observed to drop a paper from his pocket, which was picked up as soon as he left, and delivered to McClellan on his arrival on the 13th. It was a copy of Special Order No. 191, which had been sent by Jackson to D. H. Hill, and was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9th, 1862.

This army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown with such portion as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such of the enemy as may attempt to escape from Harpers Ferry. General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army. General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harpers Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harpers Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, and take possession of Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning—Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy. General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill, General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the

army at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown. Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, etc.

By Command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major-General D. H. Hill
Commanding Division.

At what time on the 13th General McClellan obtained possession of this order is unknown. His order to Franklin to move at day-break of the 14th on Burketsville is dated Sept. 13th, 6.20 P. M.

At that hour all of his army was in camp. Most of his corps had marched about six miles that day. Only two or three divisions had marched as far as eight miles. A vigorous march of six hours would have put Burnside through Turner's Gap, and Franklin through Crampton's by daylight of the 14th. Longstreet and Hill would have been cut off from the rest of the army, and McLaws cooped up in Pleasant Valley with 6,500 men, by Franklin with 12,300 at the one end of the Valley and Miles with 11,000 at the other.

But such prompt action was not taken by the Federal Commander-in-Chief. He put his troops in motion on the morning of the 14th, after a comfortable breakfast, and they proceeded leisurely enough to Burketsville and Middletown.

On that morning Stuart, finding nothing in front of Crampton's, sent Hampton down to Sandy Hook, the point between the South Mountain and the Potomac, and left Munford with his handful of cavalry to guard Crampton. He had the Second Virginia cavalry, 125 men, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, 75 and two fragments of infantry regiments of Mahone's brigade. About noon Franklin arrived, Munford dismounted his cavalry and deployed them behind a stone wall on each side of the road at the foot of the mountain on the flank of the infantry. His artillery, consisting of Chew's battery and a section of Navy Howitzers belonging to the Portsmouth battery, was posted on the slope of the mountain. Colonel Parham, commanding Mahone's brigade soon came up with two more regiments numbering 300 men and were similarly posted by Munford.

Franklin promptly formed Slocum's division on the right of the road leading through the gap and Smith's division on the left and moved them forward. Munford clung to his position with tenacity,

and it was only after three hours' struggle that the two divisions were enabled to drive the dismounted cavalry and Mahone's small brigade, and then only because they were out of ammunition. *Munford's entire force did not exceed a thousand men.*

Stuart reports that General Semmes, who held a gap next below (probably a mile off), rendered no assistance of any kind. General Howell Cobb, who had been loitering for hours on the other side of the pass, at last arrived with two regiments, and requested Munford to post them. While he was doing so, in a second line in rear of his first, the infantry of the first, whose ammunition had given out, fell back. At this, Cobb's regiments broke in panic and went pell-mell over the mountain, carrying back with them the rest of Cobb's brigade, which was moving to their assistance. Slocum's advance, Cobb's fugitives and the dismounted cavalry all arrived at about the same time, in the dark, at the forks of the Rohrsersville road. Stuart came up and assisted in rallying and reforming the infantry. A line was formed across Pleasant Valley, and Franklin's further progress stopped.

Turner's Gap is six miles north of Crampton's. It is passed by the National road in a series of easy grades. The mountains on either side command the approaches to the pass. A mile west of Middletown at Koogle's bridge, a country road leaves the broad turn-pike on the left or south side of the pike, and passes over South Mountain, a mile south of Turner's. It is the road which had been cut by Braddock, in his campaign, and is now known as the old Sharpsburg road. It is steep on the eastern approach; on the north of Turner's, the mountain ridge subsides to an opening or recess between two spurs. A country road runs up this ravine, or recess, and turning up the mountain ascends, and passing along the side near the summit, joins the National road in Turner's Gap, a hundred yards or so from the top. McClellan is in error in calling this the old Hagerstown road, and has caused the error to be perpetuated by all subsequent writers. The old Stage road and trail from Frederick to Hagerstown passes the South Mountain six miles north of Turner's Gap.

It was D. H. Hill's business to hold the gap until the reduction of Harpers Ferry should be effected. Stuart had led him to believe on the night of the 13th, that only two Federal brigades were advancing on the National road, so he ordered Colquitt and Garland back from Boonsboro', three miles off, and put them in the pass. Early next morning he ordered up Anderson's brigade. It only got there in

time to take the place of Garland's command, which was driven back demoralized by his death.

The Ninth corps, General Reno, marched from Middletown at daylight of the 14th, Cox's division in advance, turned into the old Sharpsburg road at Kugle's Mills and followed by the rest of the corps pressed for the top of the mountain. Hill sent Garland to repel this attack, but Garland was killed, his command driven back and it was rallied by Anderson's brigade, together with which, it held the Federal left back during the remainder of the day. It killed Reno however.

Colquitt was placed in the centre astride of the turnpike. Later, Ripley was sent to the right to support Anderson, and Rodes to the left to seize a commanding peak of the mountain there. *Thus were Hill's five brigades posted.* The whole of the Ninth corps was pushed up to the position secured by Cox when he drove back Garland on Hill's right. Hooker's First corps turned from the National road at Bolivar, leaving Gibbon on the pike, and pressed up the mountain road to Hill's left. Neither the Ninth corps on the Federal left, nor the First corps on the right, made much progress. By four in the afternoon Longstreet came up with the brigades of Evans, Pickett, Kemper, and Jenkins which he placed on the left, and Hood, Whiting, Drayton, and D. R. Jones which he posted on the right. But the men were exhausted by a forced march of twelve or fourteen miles over a hot and dusty road, and General Longstreet himself was not acquainted with the topography of the position nor the situation of the Federals. Hill says, that if the reinforcements had reported to him he would have held all the positions right and left of the gap. As it was the Ninth corps made no further advance but was held firmly in the position taken in the morning from Garland, but Hooker worked and fought his way to the possession of a commanding spur on his right, which dominated the gap itself and the position on the Confederate left. At 9 o'clock at night fighting ceased along the whole line, with Hill in possession of the gap and of the left, and Hooker firmly seated on the mountain on the right, where in the morning he could control the whole line. Fitz Lee having failed to gain McClellan's rear from Frederick, had crossed the Catocin range five miles north of Middletown, and the South Mountain, some miles above Turner's, and joined Hill at Boonsboro' late the afternoon of the 14th.

He relieved the infantry before dawn on the morning of the 15th, and Hill and Longstreet withdrew noiselessly and rapidly through

Boonsboro', to Sharpsburg, eight miles off, where they took position before noon of the 15th.

We will now return to Harpers Ferry. McLaws having constructed a road up the Maryland Heights and placed his artillery in position during the 14th, while this fighting was going on at Crampton's Gap and at Turner's Gap, signalled to Jackson that he was ready; whereupon Jackson signalled the order to both Walker and McLaws: "Fire at such positions of the enemy as will be most effective." His Infantry was moved up the road from Charlestown towards Harpers Ferry. At day-light the circle of fire blazed out around Miles, the Federal commander at Harpers Ferry, and by 8 A. M. he surrendered 11,000 men, 73 guns, and immense supplies of food and ammunition. The position on the morning of the 15th, therefore, was this:

McClellan's right, two corps under Burnside, was through Turner's Gap, eight miles from Sharpsburg. The centre, two corps under Sumner, was well closed upon Burnside. Franklin, who had been joined by Couch during the night, held eighteen thousand men in Pleasant Valley, behind McLaws, and also eight miles from Sharpsburg. Lee, with Longstreet and D. H. Hill, occupied a position on the west side of Antietam Creek, utterly isolated from his nearest reinforcements, which were at Harpers Ferry, seventeen and a half miles off. McLaws cut off in Pleasant Valley, with no escape except first to capture Harpers Ferry, and then cross the Potomac, and passing through that place rejoin Jackson and A. P. Hill. Walker was on Loudoun Heights, Jackson near Bolivar Heights. A march of three hours would have brought the heads of Franklin's and Burnside's columns together in front of Lee, and no earthly power could have prevented the whole of McClellan's 93,000 men being precipitated on Longstreet and D. H. Hill with 9,262, and all the reserve artillery, ammunition, and ordnance of the Confederate army.

When General McClellan, at Frederick, on the 13th, received official and exact information of Lee's dispositions and purposes, his delay in not pushing a vigorous pursuit is utterly incomprehensible. But this delay on the morning of the 15th, is even still more extraordinary. He had heard the firing at Harpers Ferry and was advised of the surrender that morning. He knew that he had D. H. Hill and Longstreet just in front, and that all the rest of Lee's army was in Virginia or in Pleasant Valley. Notwithstanding this it took him from the morning of the 15th to the afternoon of the 16th to move eight miles and get into position to attack Lee. General McClellan believed at that time that General Lee had over 97,000 men. He

knew that he himself did not have so many. And I am bound to believe, and cannot help believing, that the slowness of his movements from Fredrick to find his enemy, and from South Mountain to fight him, was caused by apprehensions of the consequences of the meeting. He is entitled to great credit for having infused any spirit at all into the mob of routed fugitives, which he met outside of Alexandria on September 2d, just a fortnight before, and he and his subordinates achieved wonders when they got this mob organized and to fight, as they did fight, on the 17th. But it is clear that McClellan distrusted his ability to stand before Lee.

There was neither distrust nor uncertainty in the conduct of Lee and his Lieutenants.

Miles hoisted the white flag at Harpers Ferry at 8 o'clock A. M. on the 15th.

Jackson turned over the details of the surrender to A. P. Hill, and started at once to join Lee. The divisions of Jackson and Ewell delayed only long enough to supply themselves with provisions from the captured stores, and by an all-night march, by Shepherdstown and Boteler's Ford, reached Sharpsburg, and reported to Lee on the morning of the 16th. *McClellan's golden opportunity had gone forever.*

JACKSON AND THE FOOT CAVALRY WERE UP.

Antietam Creek flows in a southwesterly course through a rolling country to the Potomac. Though a shallow stream, its banks are steep and rocky, and it is only passable at numerous fords and four bridges.

On the east side, where McClellan was now forming his army for battle, a series of rolling hills rather overlook the comparatively level country of the west side on which Lee's line was formed. Near the mouth of the Antietam is a bridge, which was used by no troops during the battle. About a mile, southeast of Sharpsburg, is a stone bridge, known as Burnside's Bridge. A mile and a quarter further up the creek is another bridge, on the broad turnpike from Boonsboro' and Keedysville to Sharpsburg, which I call the Keedysville Bridge. Two miles further up stream is another bridge above Pry's mill, known as Pry's Bridge. A mile and a half east of, and parallel to, the Antietam, is a high range of hills called the Red Hills. On the 16th Lee's line was formed with Longstreet on his right, Toombs being his right, and to the right of the Burnside Bridge, D. H. Hill covered the Keedysville Bridge, Hood, with his two small brigades,

extended the line on D. H. Hill's left, his left thrown somewhat back to the Hagerstown pike, and Jackson's division under J. R. Jones, with its right on the pike, at right angles to it, in double line, some distance beyond the Dunkard church, in a cornfield and woods. Ewell's division, under Lawton, was on the left of Jackson, still further beyond, Early being at right angles to Starke, Jackson's left brigade, and formed Lee's extreme left of infantry. The space between that point and the Potomac was held by Stuart, with Fitz Lee and Munford and the Horse Artillery. During the 16th McClellan was making his dispositions with all the pedantry of war, which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. He cleared the summit of the Red Hills of trees, and erected a signal station, that gave him a clear view of Lee, even down the road to Boteler's Ford, in the rear of Sharpsburg.

He established himself in elaborate headquarters at Sam Pry's house, on a high hill opposite to the right of Hood's line, and slightly in rear, where he could see, with the naked eye, every movement of the Confederate left. He posted Burnside with the Ninth corps on his left, opposite Toombs, with the bridge between them. He placed Porter in his centre, with two of his divisions opposite the Keedysville Bridge, and covered the hills on either side of the Keedysville pike with long range guns. He moved Hooker up stream, and passed him over Pry's Bridge, whence he proceeded west as far as the Hagerstown pike, when he marched south towards Sharpsburg. He soon ran into Hood's skirmish line, but he gained no ground from them, though Early says in his report, shells were flying pretty thick. They held their places, and darkness put an end to the firing.

The battle of the 17th was mainly fought to the north of Sharpsburg, and beyond the Dunkard church, on the Hagerstown pike. The pike runs nearly due north from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown, probably a mile and a half west of Antietam Creek. A mile north of Sharpsburg is a Dunkard meeting-house, on the west of the pike, in a wood of hickory and oak. The woods extend on the west side of the pike for a quarter of a mile, then they run west for a hundred and fifty yards, then north for another quarter of a mile, and then westward some distance. Following General Palfrey, I shall call these the west woods. In the space along the pike there were fields of Indian corn of great height and heavy growth. To the east of the cornfields and the pike was another smaller body of woods, which we call the east woods. The plateau, thus nearly enclosed on three sides by woods, is nearly level, but is higher than the west woods.

The west woods is full of limestone ledges, running parallel to the open.

About 11 o'clock at night Hood was withdrawn to enable his men to cook, and the brigades of Lawton and Trimble took his place. Hooker withdrew up the Hagerstown pike and went into bivouac, his pickets close to those of the Confederates, which in some places were not over one hundred yards apart. The troops of Jackson extending at right angles across the Hagerstown pike and some hundred yards in advance of the Dunkard church, slept in line of battle, their skirmish line well out. They had been marching and fighting since the morning of the 10th, when they left Frederick and had marched all the preceding night. Gaunt with exercise, lean with fasting, they were in that physical condition, which can, by a few days rest and feeding, be made superb. Without fires, their line lay still and grim, under the light of the stars. Hooker's men were comfortable with supper and coffee. The dead silence of midnight was only broken by a stray shot from an advanced picket, until way off to the north-west arose a sound—a stir—a hum of muffled noise. It was Mansfield, with his Twelfth corps, marching into position. He crossed on Hooker's route and took place a mile in his rear. By four in the morning the two armies were astir. With Hooker there was bustle and cooking and coffee and pipes. With Jackson there was only a munching of cold rations and water from the spring. The men stretched themselves and peered out through the darkness that preceded the dawn. By daylight Hooker got into motion, Doubleday's division on his right, Meade his centre, Ricketts his left. Doubleday's right brigade, Gibbon, supported by Patrick, was west of the pike. The rest of the corps was west of it. They moved in two lines, the brigades of each line themselves, formed with front of two regiments and the other two in support. Thus they swept forward through the west woods into the cornfield, their right striking the east woods. They numbered 14,856 men. They had a full supply of artillery, which moved in the intervals of divisions or on the flanks. In the cornfield they struck Jackson's division, 1,600 strong, and the brigades of Lawton and Trimble and Hays, with 2,400 men. The Confederate line of battle numbered 4,000 infantry, well supported by artillery. As the Federal advance came on, Stuart, with his horse artillery from the extreme left, swept their lines with a fierce fire which cut them down in mass. The musketry and artillery in front swept them down by rank and file. But they pressed on. Their batteries poured grape and canister into the Confederate line. McClellan's

long range guns, east of Antietam, showered shell and shrapnell into their flank and rear, and Pleasanton crossed four batteries at the Keedysville Bridge and fired in their rear. They were surrounded by a circle of fire from front, right and rear. Hooker's lines came into the cornfield, into the west woods, through the east woods. And the foot cavalry went at them, with that yell they had heard at Gaines's Mill and at Second Manassas. Gibbon went back on Patrick, Meade was thrust back out of the cornfield, Ricketts whirled back into the east woods. When the second line of Hooker moved gallantly forward, it was hurled back by a blow struck straight in front. When the reserves were brought in, the fierce attack of the Confederates drove them also back through the corn. Hood had come up to the assistance of his comrades. And the Confederate line was intact. But the loss on both sides was fearful. The two lines tore each other to pieces. Hooker was borne from the field badly wounded, and before 7 o'clock the First corps was annihilated for that day. Ricketts lost 1,051 men, Phelps 44 per cent., and Gibbon 380 men. The Confederate loss was as great; Jones and Lawton, division commanders, had been carried off disabled or wounded; Starke, who succeeded Jones in command of Jackson's division, was killed; Lawton's brigade lost Douglas, its commander, killed, and five regimental commanders out of six, and 554 men out of 1,150. Hays lost every regimental commander and every member of his staff and 323 out of 550. Walker, commanding Trimble's brigade, lost three out of four regimental commanders and 228 out of 700. Grigsby and Stafford rallied 200 or 300 men of Jackson's division and kept them in line. But Trimble, Lawton, and Hays were so cut up that they could not be brought up again.

Early had been detached at daylight to the left, to Stuart, but after awhile had been ordered back in haste to take command of Lawton's division, on Lawton being wounded.

When he got back to Hood's, he found the west woods well in possession of the Federals. On the destruction of Hooker, Mansfield had moved forward to take his place with the Twelfth corps of two divisions of ten thousand one hundred and twenty-six men. He was killed while deploying his troops; but the first division, under Crawford, moved right down the pike with Green's division on his left, marching over the same ground from which Hooker had just been driven. Crawford was met and checked by Grigsby, and Stafford, with their handfull of Jackson's division, and Green was easily held back by Hood. It was now about 9 o'clock.

Two divisions of Confederates had been nearly destroyed. Two corps of Federals had been exhausted. Burnside still stood motionless in front of the bridge, less than a mile and a half from the only road to Virginia, accessible to Lee for reinforcement or retreat. In front of him was Toombs, with three Georgia regiments and Jenkins's brigade. From his position he could see every movement of the Confederates, and each detail of the struggle on the left. Between 9 and 10 o'clock he attempted to carry the bridge by assault, and up to 1 o'clock made four other feeble attacks, all of which were repulsed by the Second and Twelfth Georgia, numbering in all four hundred men. He threatened, but he forebore to strike.

At 9 o'clock begins the third scene of this battle; Lee's right retaining its position to watch Burnside; his centre standing fast to look after Fitz John Porter across the Keedysville Bridge; his left, D. H. Hill; then Hood, and then Early, who had just come in from Stuart, with one thousand muskets, were awaiting the next blow which should fall on them. Sumner, with the Second corps, had started at 7.20 A. M. to support Hooker. He was then east of the Antietam. His corps consisted of the divisions of Richardson, Sedgewick and French, mustering thirteen thousand six hundred and four men. He crossed at a ford below Pry's Mill, Sedgewick in front, then French, then Richardson. As soon as Sedgewick cleared the ford he moved his three brigades in parallel columns, heading straight for the east woods. In the woods they were faced to the left, thus forming three parallel lines moving west. They moved across the cornfield, over the open field beyond into the west woods, in full march beyond Jackson's left, then held by Early with his own brigade, and the men under Grigsby and Stafford.

While they moved down to turn Lee's flank, Greene, who had been resting for an hour or more, pushed straight from the east woods toward the Dunkard church in the interval between Hood and Early. Early reported to Jackson that the force was moving toward his flank and asked for reinforcements. Then Greene came out of the east woods. A battery took position near the Dunkard church, firing on Hood, and the gap between Early and Hood was in fact filled by Greene, who had thus inserted himself in the interval. Early had Sedgewick on his front and left flank, cutting him off from retreat to the river; Greene was in his rear and right flank, cutting him off from the rest of the army. The battery was firing two hundred yards from his right and in rear of it, and the infantry of Greene was pushing on by the battery. General Early says that "the movements of

the enemy were assuming very formidable proportions." "My position was now very critical. I looked anxiously to the rear to see the promised reinforcements coming up. The columns on my right and rear and that coming up in front, with which my skirmishers were already engaged, being watched with the most intense interest." *I should think so!*

Greene now pushed rapidly into the woods in rear of the church. There was no time, then, to watch or to wait. The only reinforcement Early could count on was his own head and heart. Leaving Stafford and Grigsby to hold back the advancing division of Sedgewick, he whirled his own brigade by the right flank, parallel to Greene, who had the start of him, but who was unaware of his presence, though only two hundred yards off, and made a race to head him off. His march was covered by ledges of limestone rock, which concealed him until he suddenly swept from behind them, struck Greene full and drove him back through the woods and through the cornfield. General Early remarks that "he did not intend moving to the front in pursuit, but the brigade, without awaiting orders, dashed after the retreating column, driving it entirely out of the woods, and, notwithstanding my efforts to do so, I did not succeed in stopping it until its flank and rear had become exposed to the fire of the column on the left;" *i. e.*, Sedgewick's men. He withdrew it, reformed it, and, being joined by Semmes's brigade, two regiments of Barksdale's brigade, and Anderson's brigade, of D. R. Jones's division, on his right, and Stafford and Grigsby on his left, crushed him with one blow, swept Sedgewick out of the west woods, and he lost 2,255 men in a moment. General Palfrey writes: "The Confederate lines marched over them, driving them pell-mell straight through the west woods and the cornfield, and the open ground along the pike." Greene lost 651 men, most of them by Early's assault.

General Sumner had attempted to pass entirely around the Confederate left and march into Sharpsburg. The result I have described.

No further attack was made in front of the Dunkard church, or west of the pike.

Smith's division, of Franklin's Sixth corps, took position to prevent a Confederate advance there.

Richardson and French, of the Second corps, taking a different direction from Sedgewick, had marched South. McLaws had relieved Hood, who was out of ammunition and had retired to fill cart-ridge-boxes. Moving east of the pike they forced D. H. Hill and

McLaws back quite half a mile behind, and to the south of the Dunkard church. There a country road branches from the turnpike towards the Keedysville Bridge, which is cut into the ground by long use, and has strong fences of stone or rail on either side. It is described in reports as the Sunken Road, but is now known on the field of Sharpsburg as the Bloody Lane. Rodes and Anderson were in the road, and with them, probably, some of the men from Ripley, Colquitt and Garland, who had been driven from the field. French came on in three lines, but was stopped by the Sunken Road, until Col. Barlow, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York, of Richardson's division, wheeled suddenly at right angles to the road, thus obtaining an enfilading fire, and drove the Confederates out, with a loss of prisoners and battle-flags. French and Richardson were driving in the centre, and no organized troops were left to oppose them. Just then General Jackson came up to a battery that was in rear of Hill's line, and asked why they were not engaged. It was Branch's. "No orders and no supports," was the reply. "Go in at once," was the curt rejoinder. "You artillery men are too much afraid of losing your guns." At this time R. H. Anderson, from the right, with 3,500 men, reported. He formed a second line, but was soon wounded. Pleasanton added two batteries and five battalions of regulars to the force across the Keedysville Bridge, and poured a destructive fire into the Confederate flank and rear. Richardson and French pressed steadily on. McLaws was used up, Hill had no organized troops left, R. H. Anderson was shattered to pieces. A firmly held force could have marched straight into Sharpsburg.

But, after reaching a point between Lee's right and left wings, the Federal advance stopped. McClellan, meantime, had hurried Franklin's Sixth corps to the support of Sumner, but the latter, after the terrible disaster to Sedgwick, and the great loss to French and Richardson, was unwilling to risk another corps, because, as he said, a fresh body of troops was necessary to protect them from Jackson's attack. D. H. Hill, in the meantime, had rallied a few hundred men and led them against Richardson. They were dispersed and driven back. Colonels Iverson and Christie had likewise gathered about two hundred men of three or four North Carolina regiments and with them attacked French's flank but were also driven back. John R. Cooke, with his North Carolina regiment, held his place with empty muskets, his ammunition exhausted, and waved his battle-flag in the face of the advancing lines. He stood fast with not a cartridge. This boldness appears to have halted the Federal advance on the

centre. It was now past three o'clock. The battle was over on the left and in the centre. The Confederates held the ground they had occupied in the morning north of the Dunkard church. The Federals held the ground they had wrested from Hill, McLaws and Anderson, in front of Sharpsburg.

The Confederates were used up. Of Jackson's and Ewell's divisions, Early, alone, with the fragments under Stafford and Grigsby, were left. Of D. Hill, McLaws and R. H. Anderson's, only scattered squads, were held by their officers in a thin formation in front of Sharpsburg. The Federal reserve in the centre, under Fitz John Porter, threatened to march straight through Lee's army. Its artillery had crossed the Keedysville Bridge, with Syke's division of regulars, and closed up on Richardson's left.

Toombs held the Burnside Bridge with D. R. Jones in support. But a determined attack by the Ninth corps must, of necessity, have carried the bridge, marched into Sharpsburg and attacked the Confederate left and centre, in rear. Franklin was fresh, Porter was fresh, Burnside was fresh. They were not three miles apart. They were visible to each other and communicating by signals. There was no help for Lee unless A. P. Hill got up in time, and A. P. Hill had been obliged to remain at Harpers Ferry to parole the prisoners and secure the guns and stores taken there. Why Burnside delayed, no man can tell. He stood the whole day looking at the battle.

He saw every battery, every line, every attack, every repulse. He saw his own friends march forward with bands playing and colors flying and lines dressed.

Burnside could not help seeing this, and that the lines went forward, moved slower, stopped, began firing, and then melted away before his eyes. His hesitation therefore is incomprehensible. McClellan urged him by order, by orderly, by signal and by staff-officer, to go in. At last the Ninth corps was put in motion. Toombs made a gallant defence, but he was brushed away like chaff. He lost half his men, though he was obliged to leave the bridge and upper ford undefended, and confined his efforts to the lower ford.

The brigades of Kemper and Drayton were driven back through Sharpsburgh. The Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel De Saussure, clung to some strong stone houses on the edge of the town, where he held back Wilcox's advance. Jenkins followed Drayton, and Pickett and Evans were then ordered back by Jones.

The battle was lost, for Burnside was within two hundred yards of

Lee's only line of communication and retreat. There were no reinforcements. The last man had been used up.

Where was Hill then? Where was the light division, with its gallant chief, who loved to liken himself and his command to Picton and that light division which was Wellington's right arm and sabre in the Peninsula?

De Saussure was holding on with desperate tenacity to the stone barn and houses. Toombs was forming his Georgians well in hand to strike. But they were all that stood between Lee and rout. Just then up the Shepherdstown road came the head of Hill's column, with the long free stride that had brought it seventeen miles from Harpers Ferry and across the Potomac Ford since sunrise. The brigades of the light division deployed at a double-quick. Pender and Brockenborough on the right, Branch, Gregg and Archer on the left, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama joining hands with Toombs and D. R. Jones, they went through Rodman and Wilcox with a rush and saved the day.

Burnside withdrew to a position in front of the bridge, and later in the afternoon, to the east side of the bridge, having ordered Morell's division of the Fifth corps to occupy his position in front of A. P. Hill. As soon as Burnside's repulse was assured, Jackson ordered Stuart to turn the Federal right with his cavalry and J. G. Walker with his division to support him. Stuart found McClellan's batteries within eight hundred yards of the brink of the Potomac, and the movement was deemed impracticable and abandoned.

Lee held his position all the next day, and during the night of the 18th crossed at Boteler's Ford into Virginia. The delicate task of covering his movement was entrusted to Fitz Lee. Stuart, however, during the afternoon crossed the river at an obscure ford with Hampton's brigade. On the 19th he recrossed at Williamsport, supported by some infantry and artillery, and by his demonstrations having kept McClellan in doubt as to Lee's intentions, and drawn Couch's division to resist him. On the 20th he repassed again to the Virginia side.

General Pendleton had been left by Lee with the reserve artillery to cover Boteler's Ford. Fitz John Porter determined to cross the river and drive him off. He lined the Maryland side with skirmishers and sharpshooters, supported them by the division of Morell and Sykes, and by guns so posted as to command the Virginia bank.

Volunteers from the Fourth Michigan, One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, and Eighteenth Massachusetts, crossed under

command of General Griffin. Sykes was ordered to advance a similar party, but by some misunderstanding the order did not reach him in time. The movement was made at dark, and resulted in the capture of four pieces, among them one taken from the Federals at First Manassas, from Battery D, of the Fifth artillery. Pendleton was driven back in confusion. At 6.30, next morning, A. P. Hill moved back, and half a mile from Boteler's Ford formed his line of battle in two lines; the first of the brigades of Pender, Gregg and Thomas, under Gregg; and the second, of Lane, Archer and Brockenbrough, under Archer, numbering two thousand muskets. At the same time Porter was pushing forward a reconnoissance in force, under Morell and Sykes, consisting of the First brigade of Morell's division of seven regiments of one thousand seven hundred and eleven men; the Second brigade of Sykes' division of four regiments of one thousand and sixty men; and the Third brigade of Sykes, in the two regiments, and probably five hundred men. Hill advanced on them with spirit in the face of the most tremendous artillery fire from the other side of the Potomac.

The brigades of Gregg and Thomas swept everything from their front, but the commands of Morell and Sykes offered an obstinate resistance to Pender, and extending endeavored to turn his left. Becoming hotly engaged, he called on Archer, who forming his command of three brigades on Pender's left, they, together, made a simultaneous charge. Their line moved forward with resistless force, and drove their opponents pell-mell into the river. General Hill was under the impression, as were all eye-witnesses, that the carnage from shot, shell and drowning, was fearful. Indeed such was the general impression on the Confederate side, and the slaughter at Shepherdstown was matter of common remark.

But the reports of the Federal officers show a total loss of three hundred and thirty-one, of which two hundred and eighty-two were from the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania. Hill reports a loss of two hundred and sixty-one, and the capture of some two hundred prisoners.

These discrepancies are irreconcilable. I shall not endeavor to make them consistent.

The Federal loss in a rout, it would seem, must necessarily have been much greater than that of the Confederates.

General McClellan reports his loss on the 16th and 17th as two thousand and ten killed, nine thousand four hundred and sixteen

wounded, and one thousand and forty-three missing; total, twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-nine.

General Lee reports his loss at one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven killed, and eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-four wounded and missing at the battles of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown, from September 14th to 20th; total, ten thousand two hundred and ninety one.

We have no data to fix the loss at Sharpsburg, but it was probably for the Confederates the bloodiest battle of the war.

Thus ended the First Maryland campaign. It was undertaken by Lee with the certainty of thereby relieving Virginia for a time from the pressure of war, with the hope of transferring the scene of operations to the North, and with the possibility of the capture of Baltimore and Washington, the recognition of the Confederacy by the powers, of independence and of peace. It accomplished the first and secured great spoils of prisoners and arms, and of supplies. It failed in the last, first by the blunder of Halleck in retaining possession of Harpers Ferry, when he ought to have evacuated it, secondly and principally by the negligence which lost Lee's Special Order No. 191, and thus furnished McClellan with precise official information of the dispositions of Lee's troops and of his future intentions. It was a failure in so far as he did not accomplish what he hoped would be possible, but it was a success in the results achieved, and in the loss of time, men and material it inflicted on the Federal side.

The First Maryland Campaign, when we consider the number employed, the distances marched, the results achieved, the disparity of forces fought, was an episode unsurpassed in brilliancy of achievement, in self-sacrifice of soldiers, officers, and men, in heroic endeavors and chivalric gallantry, by any chapter in the history of war. Considering Lee's audacity in dividing his small force in the presence of three times his numbers, in an unknown and unfriendly country, his fortitude and tenacity in holding on until the object for which he had detached them was accomplished, and they could rejoin him, his genius in selecting his position, and his skill in handling his troops on the field of battle, and the manner in which he was supported by his Lieutenants, their subordinates and their men, we have a lesson inspiring, instructive and impressive. The causes of the civil war are sinking out of memory, the passions aroused by it on both sides have died out, but the record of the valor, the patriotism and the endurance developed by it, will be perpetuated for generations.

"Its splendor remains, and, splendor like this, is something more than the mere outward adornment, which graces the life of a nation. It is strength, strength other than that of mere riches, and other than that of gross numbers; strength carried by proud descent from one generation to another; strength awaiting the trials that are to come."

General Johnson was warmly applauded all through the delivery of his address, and cheered to the echo as he took his seat.

A TRIBUTE TO GOVERNOR LETCHER.

General Jubal A. Early rendered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late ex-Governor John Letcher, who had died since the last meeting, and presented some graceful and appropriate resolutions to his memory, which were heartily adopted.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers were elected by acclamation, as follows :

General William H. F. Lee, President.

General Bradley T. Johnson, First Vice-President.

Executive Committee : Major W. K. Martin, Colonel William H. Palmer, Major Robert Stiles, Sergeant George L. Christian, and Major Thomas A. Brander.

Treasurer, Robert S. Boshier.

Secretary, Carlton McCarthy.

Chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones.

THE BANQUET.

After the exercises in the hall were over, the Association repaired to Snger Hall, where Zimmerman had spread an elegant banquet. After the good things had been fully discussed, General Lee called the company to order, and the Toast-Master (Judge George L. Christian), read the following toasts, which were responded to by those whose names are annexed :

1. The Army of Northern Virginia : "That noble body of men, with unconquerable leaders, the lustre of whose deeds grows brighter with each revolving year."

General J. A. Early.

2. The Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"They marched through long and stormy nights;
They bore the brunt of an hundred fights,
And their courage never failed.
Hunger and cold and the summer heat
They felt on the march and long retreat,
Yet their brave hearts never quailed."

Colonel J. C. Gibson.

3. The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"There deeds have on their country's page
Their names immortal made."

Colonel Stribling.

4. The Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia :

"They fought and bled till their work was done;
They should wear the meed their valor won."

Major H. B. McClellan.

5. The Women of the South :

"Our Spartan women, born in dust,
Around their country's broken shrine,
True as their souls are noble—just,
Pure as their deeds have been divine."

Judge F. R. Farrar.

6. Our Dead : Who died in a righteous cause, and

"To teach that right is more than might,
And justice more than mail."

Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D.

7. Maryland :

"She met her sisters on the plain,
'*Sic semper*,' was the proud refrain,
That baffled minions back again,
Maryland, my Maryland."

General George H. Steuart.

The speeches were, generally, admirable, and some of them very fine, and the whole occasion one of deepest interest and enjoyment.

Dairy of Rev J. G. Law.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

August 30, 1862, 12 o'clock. On the battle field. We have had a hard fight of three hours' duration, have routed the enemy with great slaughter, and are now resting in an apple orchard. About daylight we were in line of battle, and moved forward about two miles, when we filed off into the turnpike and resumed the rout step. We were under the impression that the enemy had fled as usual upon our approach, and were marching quietly and carelessly along about 8 o'clock, when all of a sudden, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the report of a cannon rung out on the morning air and a shell came whizzing over our heads. The head of the column immediately filed off into the woods and we were again drawn up in battle array. "Forward, march!" shouted our gallant Colonel Fitzgerald, and the gray line steadily advanced through a heavy fire from the Yankee batteries, until we reached a rail fence, where we encountered the infantry, who were strongly posted on the opposite side of an old field, and from the skirt of the woods opened on us with a galling volley of musketry. And a desolating fire it was, for it deprived the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment of its beloved leader. The brave and gallant Fitzgerald fell dead from his horse before he heard our shout of victory. He was shot through the heart and expired instantly. Colonel Fitzgerald entered the Confederate service as Captain of a company raised in Paris, Tenn., where he was a promising young lawyer. At the reorganization of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, at Corinth, he was elected Colonel, and by his kind consideration of the comfort of his men had won for himself the esteem of the entire regiment. He was universally popular, and his loss will be severely felt. His first, last, and only command in action was, "Forward, march!" Dr. Barbour, and Billy Goodlett, of the "Maynard Rifles," were both wounded by the same volley that cut short the brilliant career of the chivalric young Fitzgerald. We held our position behind the fence for some minutes under a continuous stream of fire, wondering why we were not ordered to charge, when all at once a tremendous roar of musketry broke out on the flank of the enemy, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mageveney, who had assumed command of the regiment, rode along the lines, and in his rich Irish brogue, shouted: "Mount the fence lads; mount the fence, and at 'em; charge!" No sooner was the command given, than one wild

yell arose from the ranks of the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, and leaping over the fence, we charged through the open field in the face of a perfect storm of bullets, and scattered the enemy like chaff before the wind. As they turned to fly, we opened fire with our Enfield rifles, and mowed them down like grass. The flanking column closed in on the right, and their rout was complete. A gallant officer mounted on a white horse was seen with sword in hand, making a desperate effort to rally the flying columns, and reform the broken lines on a commanding eminence, but a well directed volley was poured into the disorganized blue mass, and horse and rider disappeared. The enemy continued their flight hotly pursued by our victorious troops, and left the ground covered with their dead and wounded. We have captured a large number of prisoners, and they are still coming in. General Cleburne is wounded.

Two o'clock P. M. We have had another fight, and have again routed the enemy and driven him in confusion from a strong position in the open fields. His artillery was well posted, and the shot and shell tore through our ranks as we advanced to the attack, but such was the impetuosity of our charge, and such the demoralization of the enemy, that their line was easily broken, and the shout of victory again went up from the Confederate ranks.

We have had a beautiful battle-ground, and could plainly see every movement of the enemy before we came within range of their fire. We are now resting in sight of their camp, and the white tents look very tempting. But they are shelling us, and we will have to take the battery. I thank God for my escape from injury so far. One of the prisoners reports that they have eighteen thousand fresh troops coming up to reinforce their army, but I feel confident of our ability to hold the field, trusting not in numbers, but in the God who rules over the earth and defends the right. The firing has ceased, but we will probably have more of it before night. Our army is elated with success and flushed with victory, while the enemy are demoralized and dispirited by continuous defeat. General Preston Smith is now in command of the division, as General Cleburne is disabled by his wound. Colonel Vaughn, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, commands the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mageveney commands the regiment.

Seven o'clock P. M. The curtain has dropped. The dark and bloody tragedy is closed, and we are in possession of the town of Richmond. The enemy made a last desperate stand on the outskirts of the town, and fought us with great gallantry, contesting every

inch of ground, and slowly retreating before our steady and determined advance. They fought us from behind haystacks and hedges, but all in vain. We were determined to win the fight, and we won it. Just as the sun was sinking we drove them from behind the tombstones in the graveyard, pursued their flying columns through the town, and the citizens of Richmond heard the Confederate shout of victory, and saw our battle-flags waving in triumph over the long gray line that filed through their streets. Captain Sterling Fowlkes, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiment, was killed just as we entered the town. He was Captain of the Zouave Cadets, a brave soldier, and a most accomplished young officer. His death will be deeply lamented. It is a costly victory when two such men as Fitzgerald and Fowlkes yield up their lives. General Preston Smith rode up to our regiment as we were formed in the streets of Richmond, and congratulating us on our victory said: "Boys, there is one thing I have to say, the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth can't be whipped." We have had a terrible experience to-day. Without food and without water we have been on the double quick, charging infantry and artillery through open fields, and climbing fences under a galling fire, and yet not a man faltered. The gaps made in the ranks by the enemy's fire would close up, and with a determination to conquer or die, our invincible column moved forward, sweeping the field before its fiery onslaught. We have fought over about ten miles of ground, and rest to-night in a lovely grove just outside the town of Richmond. The 30th day of August will ever be memorable in the history of our country, as marking one of the most brilliant victories ever achieved by Confederate arms. And now with gratitude to God for my singular preservation through all the dangers of this bloody day, and a tear for the lamented dead, who have laid their lives upon the altar of our dear native land, I will seek "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on a soft carpet of blue grass.

Sunday, August 31.—We have rested all day, and will probably move on to Lexington to-morrow. Our victory yesterday was a glorious one. We captured all of the enemy's artillery and five thousand prisoners. General Nelson, who was in command of the Federals, was wounded. We also captured the enemy's wagon-train with quartermaster and commissary stores in great abundance. Spent the morning inspecting the fruits of our victory and in gazing with absorbing interest at the long line of prisoners that we were fighting yesterday. Our cavalry intercepted the retreating army of Federals and brought in a long line of prisoners this morning. One

of our boys in gray recognized his brother in blue among the prisoners and gave him a bountiful supply of rations. One of the sad features of this bloody war is that it is a fratricidal strife. Brother is arrayed in arms against brother, father against son, and friend against friend. Especially is this the case among the troops of Kentucky, where there is such serious division of sentiment in families, some in unnatural sympathy with the Federals who are seeking to subjugate us and enforce a union that we do not desire, and some in sympathy with the Confederates who are battling for the sacred rights of independence and confederation. It was quite affecting to witness the meeting between the two brothers, one a ragged, war-worn and half-starved Confederate, and the other a well-dressed and well-fed Federal. Yesterday they were enemies and would have shot each other down in the heat of battle. To-day they are friends and the Confederate ministers to the bodily comfort of his Federal brother. Such are the reversible fortunes of war.

Richmond is a beautiful little town, and the private residences have an air of elegance and wealth. The church buildings are very handsome, which indicates a refined, generous and cultured people. We are encamped in one of the most beautiful groves that I ever saw. To my mind the Arcadian grove would not be a sweeter resting-place than this lovely spot. Rations are now abundant, and we are enjoying the luxury of genuine coffee and sugar. I feel thankful that our Sabbath rest has not been disturbed by the rude clash of arms.

September 1.—Left Richmond early this morning and marched eighteen miles. We crossed Kentucky river without opposition, as the demoralized Yankees fled on our approach. We are now marching through one of the wealthiest regions of Kentucky and find the sentiment of the people almost unanimously Southern, it being a rare exception to meet with an avowed Union man. The Kentuckians seem to be frantic with joy over the appearance of a Confederate army in their State, and have already begun the organization of a regiment at Richmond. It was hard to leave our blue-grass beds, but a soldier can't expect to sleep on a downy bed of ease every night.

September 2.—We camp to night only four miles from Lexington. The enemy continue to fly before our victorious advance, and we expect to make a triumphal entry into the city of Lexington to-morrow.

September 3, Lexington, Ky.—This morning at 9 o'clock, our victorious army marched through the streets of Lexington, flushed with

success and bouyant with joyous excitement. At the head of the column marched the regimental band, filling the air with the inspiring strains of martial music, followed by the long line of gray, with bayonets fixed and banners floating proudly in the breeze. We could not have met with a more enthusiastic reception if the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth, senior regiment of Tennessee volunteers, had marched down Main street in Memphis, after its baptism of blood at Belmont. It was a proud moment for the Southern army. The morning was lovely and heaven seemed to give us its gracious benediction. It was a perfect ovation. The streets of the beautiful city were lined with fair women and brave men. Confederate flags waved over our heads and floated from the windows, and as we filed through the streets under a canopy of white handkerchiefs, cheer upon cheer rose in one harmonious volume of enthusiasm for Jefferson Davis and the Southern boys.

In the distance could be seen the handsome monument of Henry Clay, and I felt profoundly grateful and happy over the thought, that the resting-place of Kentucky's great statesman was no longer polluted by the tread of Lincoln's hireling soldiery. If Henry Clay were alive to-day would he not join in the hearty welcome extended by Lexington to the soldiers of the Confederate cause, and raise his eloquent voice in defence of the principles for which we contend?

September 4.—Have spent the day in Lexington wandering about the beautiful streets and feasting my eyes on the pretty, rosy-cheeked girls. The great chieftain, John Morgan, came into the city last night. He is a splendid type of the *genus homo*, and seems to be a perfect idol with the people. They gather around him in groups and listen with wondering admiration to the recital of his daring adventures. Recruiting is going on rapidly, and Kentucky is enlisted in the cause of freedom. My good friend, Tony Bartlett, introduced me to the family of Mrs. Winslow, where we spent a delightful evening and enjoyed a social cup of tea.

September 5.—Left Lexington at sunrise and marched eighteen miles on the Maysville pike. The march was very severe. Weather hot and roads dusty.

September 6.—Marched twelve miles, and are now resting at Rudder's Mill. Passed through Paris early this morning and turned off into the Covington road.

Sunday, September 7.—Marched twelve miles (more than a Sabbath day's journey) and are camping to-night near Cynthia. The Southern feeling is strong throughout the country and recruiting is go-

ing on rapidly. Many of the fair daughters of the land visited our camp this evening and expressed great sympathy for the Rebels.

September 8.—We camp to-night two miles from Georgetown, and after marching four days, find ourselves only fourteen miles distant from Lexington. We can't understand the circle in which we are moving. General Preston Smith's brigade is alone, and I suppose that our General is taking his boys to see the capitol of the State. Marched eighteen miles.

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By Lieutenant IREDELL JONES, of First Regiment, S. C. Regulars.

FORT SUMTER, August 29, 1863.

My Dearest Mother,— * * * I am happy to inform you that we have been spared the disagreeable whiz of 200 and 300-pound Parrots for the past few days. The enemy have not fired on us since the 26th instant, the reason whereof we are not able to tell for certain; but, as usual, have various conjectures and surmises. Some say they are out of ammunition; others that they have accomplished all they expected of their land batteries, and others, still, that they are only waiting to get their mortars in position. I think the first supposition is the most reasonable, for they could have had no conception that it would have required so much ammunition to reduce us, the more so as their General publicly asserted that the fort would be knocked to pieces in six hours after he opened on it. I think the quiet means more than many suppose, and I would not be surprised if the next attempt is in combined attack between their monitors and land batteries with redoubled fury. But whatever their mode, or whenever they see fit to make another attack, I hope and trust that our fortifications in the harbor will be sufficient to repel it. As to ourselves in the poor old fort, I hope we will give them the best we have got. To-night Captain Harleston's company leaves the fort, so that our company is the only one of the regiment now left here to guard the honor of the fallen fortress.

We have three barbette guns to fight, but of these one has its trunnion cracked, and the other two have the parapet knocked away from in front of them. After the fight on the night of the 26th in front of Wagner, in which the enemy took our rifle-pits and captured

nearly the whole of our picket, the detested monitors came sneaking close up to the fort, and it would have made the blood boil in the coldest hearted coward to have seen the men rush to battery to man their disabled guns. The night was very dark and foggy, and before we could see them to open, they sneaked out again and left us to surmise, as usual, as to their object. I know not what is the ultimate intention of the authorities, but you may rest assured that the fort is to be held for the present, at least until the guns are gotten out, at which we are now working hard, though only two as yet have been sent to the city. The enemy's launches come up every night to try to cut off our communication with Morris Island, but they have not succeeded yet.

The two big guns, which Mrs. Gaillard spoke of, are two Blakely (rifled) guns, imported by John Frazer & Co., one of which is meant expressly for the defense of the city of Charleston, and both of which are to be placed on the battery in the city, under charge respectively of Captains Harleston and Lesesne. They are truly two wonders, weighing each twenty-two tons, and carrying a projectile weighing seven hundred and eighty pounds. It takes a whole company to manœuvre one gun. We know very little about them, having been shut out from the scientific world for the last two and a half years, but I hope they will prove a success.

The enemy are within three hundred yards of Wagner, but if our men act properly, I have no idea that they will take the Fort, as the remaining portion is a low, flat, wet plain, thoroughly flanked, and commanded.

Sunday Morning.—A bright Sunday morning as this is, I had hoped we would enjoy in peace, but the scoundrels are giving us *bricks* in reality as I write. They opened at daylight, and from appearances are likely to continue it all day. You must not judge from the tremendous blot or smear that I have just made that I am scared, though, if you should think so, probably you will not be very far wrong. How I would like to enjoy now some of the cool water, delicious breezes, and *butter-milk*, with which you in one of your late letters were pleased to taunt me! You and Pa seem to like to talk of the telegraph very much, but, through the goodness of your hearts, I will accuse you of making a blunder. You forgot that there was a third person concerned, and you must have thought that I was to be, or was likely to be wounded or hurt in some way. Banish any such idea from your mind, for, I assure you, you never were more mistaken. I am as well and as happy as possible. George is a

little unwell to-day. I am sorry to inform you that Lieutenant Erwin had his foot shot off at Wagner. I believe I told you of it in my dispatch two nights ago to my father. He is from York, and brother of John Erwin, whom Pa knows. I am now Acting Adjutant to the Colonel, Lieutenant Boyleston having gone home in consequence of his wound.

IREDELL JONES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., September 7, 1863.

My Dear Mother,—As you will observe, I am now stationed in the city, where Colonel Rhett has his headquarters for the present. I had the pleasure of being among the very last to leave the Old Fort on the morning of the 5th instant, which event, I assure you, was characterized by the deepest feelings of regret and sadness on my part. And now I will speak of the progress of events since that time, and particularly as I myself am concerned with those events, as you get from the daily journals the general history of affairs. All day Friday and Saturday Morris's Island was subjected to a terrible and trying ordeal, which resulted, at Wagner, with the loss of one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, together with considerable damage to the work itself; while at Gregg the loss was proportionately great. On the evening of the 5th, I had the honor to be the bearer of dispatches from General Ripley to Colonel Keitt to say that the dispatches of the enemy had been intercepted, which informed us that there would be an assault on the rear of Gregg by means of barges during the night. When I reached Gregg and delivered the dispatches, everything seemed to be in such a bad condition, and knowing that all the assistance possible was needed, I thought it my duty to remain for the fight, and accordingly I reported, with my boat's crew, to Captain Lesesne, commanding Battery Gregg, who gave me command of thirty-four men in one of the most important positions. Our force was very small—not more than two hundred men. After everything was ready, we waited quietly until about half-past one o'clock Sunday morning, when we saw the barges approaching the battery slowly in a semi-circular line. They were about twelve in number, and carrying not less than fifty men each. They reached about one hundred and fifty yards from the battery, when we opened on them "like a thousand of bricks," on a small scale. The rascals cried out: "Don't shoot! We are friends!" But we piled it on the better. The barges then replied rapidly with boat howitzers and

rifles, and the little fight became general; for Moultrie, Battery Bee and Simkins had all by this time joined in to help us.

The shooting on all hands was good, and must have had considerable effect; but it was dark, and we were unable to tell correctly. There soon appeared considerable confusion. Everybody seemed to be giving command. We heard the command "Forward!" distinctly, but they soon "forwarded backwards." The fight lasted about twenty-five minutes, and the loss on our side was eight men wounded. About fifty men succeeded in landing, but a few well-directed shots made them take the water again. The truth is the enemy were so surprised that we should have been prepared for them that all their efforts were paralyzed. When I first took command of my little squad, I thought it best to have a sword; but when I saw the rascals coming I threw down sword and all, put on my accoutrements, took a rifle and went to work regularly with the men. I could not miss the chance to take revenge for "Sumter," and I hope I laid some fellow low.

Last night, as you will have heard, the whole Island was successfully evacuated, but you must not imagine that affairs are in a bad condition in consequence. We are in a stronger position now than we ever have been before. When Sumter fell Morris's Island was of no value, and it was only held to give us time to complete the battery at Fort Johnson, which has now been accomplished. Wagner really was nothing more than an outwork to Sumter, and should have been abandoned as soon as the latter fell, had we been prepared for it. This morning our batteries opened on the Island and scattered the "Yanks," who were prying around into every nook and corner. Before leaving last night the guns were all rendered unfit for service again and preparations made to blow the works up, but on account of some imperfection in the slow match we failed to do so.

The enemy are now (7 o'clock P. M.) firing on Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island from monitors and iron-sides, while the batteries are replying with spirit. It is fine fun to stand on the battery here and look on from *afar off* at the fight. The "big gun" is mounted and ready for action. You will not appreciate a description. Suffice it to say that it is *huge*. The other gun, mate to this, will be here from Wilmington in a day or two, which is to be placed on the battery also.

* * * * *

IREDELL JONES.

An Incident of the late Col. Carlos Tracy, of South Carolina, at "Walthall Junction."

The late Colonel Carlos Tracy, a volunteer aid of General Hagood, at the time of the battle of "Walthall Junction," while following his General into the field, became separated from him by some intervening obstacle. His attention was then directed to a scene which aroused all the soldier within him. A man (wounded) bearing the colors of one of the regiments, was walking with the flag of the regiment trailing on the ground. Our left was clearly turned, and as far as he could see, or know, there was not a soldier to be thrown in the way.

Seizing the colors of the regiment borne by the man, Colonel Tracy (then Captain Tracy), rushed forward some distance on his large cream colored mare, a conspicuous mark for the shot of the enemy, and endeavored, by every possible exertion to rally the men. After fifteen or twenty minutes, having succeeded in getting some of the regiment to form in a line with him, an officer of the regiment, bravely and gallantly claimed the flag—to whom, of course, he bowed and yielded it.

It was for this gallant conduct Captain Tracy was promoted to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and assigned to the court of General Ewell's corps, as one of the three Judge Advocates. This act of Colonel Tracy's was one which few survive, the like of which one finds scattered here and there in the histories of the past—the relation generally ending with the account of the death of the actor therein.

Our friend, although in imminent peril, was providentially saved. And his exertion probably turned the fate of the day in our favor.

SUDELEY.

A Sketch of Debray's Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Texas Cavalry.

By GENERAL X. B. DEBRAY.

PAPER NO I.

In the summer of 1861, General Van Dorn, commanding the District of Texas, made a requisition on the Governor of the State for six companies of cavalry, to be enlisted for the war, to report at Galveston, and to be employed in patrolling the coast.

Prompt response was made to the Governor's call; the following companies reported for duty, and were mustered into the Confederate States' service:

Captain Riordan's Company A, from Harris county.

Captain Myer's Company B, from Caldwell county.

Captain McGreal's Company C, from Harris and Galveston counties.

Captain McMahan's Company D, from Galveston and Leon counties.

Captain Owen's Company E, Montgomery and Washington counties.

Captain Menard's Company F, from Galveston and Liberty counties.

Captain Atchison's company, from Fort Bend county, composed of one-year men, was also accepted in the service and became Company G.

These seven companies were organized into a battalion under the command of Major Samuel Boyer Davis, who, being at the same time Assistant Adjutant-General at District headquarters, soon resigned his lineal rank.

On the 7th of December, 1861, Major X. B. Debray, of the Second regiment of Texas infantry, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, and Captain J. J. Myers, Major of the battalion. Then the work of disciplining and drilling was actively entered upon, and in a short time the battalion assumed the leading rank, in point of instruction and discipline, among the troops stationed on Galveston Island.

In January, 1862, orders were received to raise three more companies for the purpose of completing a regiment. Commissions were issued to that effect, and by the close of the ensuing February, the following companies reported for duty, and were mustered in for the war:

Captain Du Pree's Company H, from Montgomery and Grimes counties.

Captain Whitehead's Company I, from Montgomery and Grimes counties.

Captain Hare's Company K, from Harris county.

General Hebert, commanding the District of Texas, upon receiving the report of the completion of the regiment, appointed Major Samuel Boyer Davis to be its Colonel. But when it became known that newly organized regiments were, by law, entitled to elect their field

officers, Colonel Davis resigned, and an election was ordered to be held on the 17th of March, 1862, in which the following officers were chosen : X. B. Debray, Colonel; J. J. Myers, Lieutenant-Colonel; and M. Menard, Major. Owing to delays, either at District or Department headquarters, in forwarding the muster-rolls, or in examining them in the War Department, the regiment was recognized as the Twenty-sixth regiment of Texas cavalry, while, according to the date of its organization, it should have been the Tenth or the Eleventh.

The organization of the regiment was completed by the promotion of Sergeant R. M. Franklin, of Company D, to the rank of Lieutenant and Adjutant, and the appointment of William Armstrong to be Quartermaster with the rank of Captain. The latter officer, having been transferred to the Engineer Corps, was superseded by Lieutenant T. R. Franklin, of Company D. Lieutenants Lane, of Company B, and Armstrong, of Company F, became the Captains of their respective companies, to fill the vacancies created by the election of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, and Major Menard.

The one-year term of service of Captain Atchison's company having expired, it was replaced in the regiment by Captain Rountree's company, theretofore unattached.

Soon after orders were received from the War Department to reduce the companies of cavalry to the number of eighty, rank and file. Few of the companies of the regiment numbered less than one hundred men, and it was considered a great hardship to be turned out of the regiment and be attached to some other organization. To obviate this unpleasant contingency, the Colonel's first step was to obtain the dropping of Captain Rountree's company from the rolls of the regiment; next, such men as were found to be unfitted for active service in the field were discharged, and, finally, volunteers from the several companies, having a surplus of men, joined together to form a new company, G, and elected R. L. Fulton, formerly of Company B, to be their Captain.

Thus Debray's regiment was definitely constituted with its full complement of young, robust, enthusiastic, well-mounted, well-disciplined, and drilled volunteers, when the order was received to prepare to march to the State of Mississippi and report to General Van Dorn. The prospect of entering into service in the field, gladly hailed, was soon darkened by disappointment. The report of the fall of New Orleans caused the destination of the regiment to be changed, and it was ordered to proceed, with Brown's battalion of cavalry, to re-enforce General Sibley in Arizona and New Mexico.

This duty, by no means pleasant, as it entailed a march of about one thousand miles, over a country mostly deserted, sterile, and with long waterless stretches, was entered upon, if not cheerfully, at least with becoming soldierly fortitude. The regiment was on the march when the report was received that General Sibley, confronted by a largely superior force, and short of supplies, was falling back on San Antonio. Hence a new counter-order, and the regiment went to camp on the Bernard river. During these marches and counter-marches, and mainly in camp, the fine appearance of the regiment attracted the interest and curiosity of the people around. Drills on horseback and on foot, and dress-parade, enlivened by a very creditable band, were attended by ladies and gentlemen in carriages and in cavalcades; negroes, too, would flock around, and enjoyed the sight as they would have done a circus. Hence came the self-given name of "The Menagerie," which clung to the regiment, and by which its old members still delight to designate it.

In July, 1862, the Colonel, by reason of his seniority in rank, was called to command the Eastern Sub-District of Texas, with headquarters at Houston, leaving the regiment to the efficient care of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers. Nothing happened for several months to break the monotony of camp life, except patrols on the coast, on which duty landing parties from the blockading squadron, in search of fresh meat, were captured or otherwise punished, and induced to cease their depredations.

Meanwhile General Herbert having been ordered to send to Arkansas all the infantry stationed in Texas, except two regiments, remonstrated against that disposition which left the State unprotected. His remonstrance was met with the curt answer that "Texas must take her chances." The authorities at Richmond seem to have overlooked the fact that the loss of the Rio Grande frontier, the only point to be depended upon for obtaining army supplies, might be a fatal blow to the Confederate States. General Herbert, despairing of a successful defence with his reduced force against an attack by sea, ordered the small forts, erected at Galveston, to be dismantled and their artillery to be removed to the mainland at Virginia Point, where sand works had been raised. Indeed, this was an era of despondency and gloom for the people of Texas.

In October, 1862, the Federal fleet entered Galveston Bay without resistance. The small force which had been left in the city retired to Virginia Point, the city itself being almost deserted by its inhabitants, who had moved with their chattels to Houston and the interior

of the State. Communication with the Island was maintained by planking over the railroad bridge and protecting it on the Island side with a redoubt and rifle-pits, occupied by a detachment of infantry and artillery. Debray's regiment, ordered to Virginia Point, by frequent patrols, day and night, satisfied the Federals that we still claimed the city, and prevented them from visiting it. A battalion of Federal infantry landed on one of the wharves and took quarters in its warehouses, strongly barricading themselves, but they never ventured into the city.

By the close of November, Major-General John Bankhead Magruder came to assume the command of Texas, relieving General Herbert, who was ordered to Louisiana.

The new Commanding General had acquired fame for the skill with which, in the peninsula of Virginia, he checked for weeks McClellan's invading army before miles of empty entrenchments, armed, in part, with *Quaker* guns, and by continually moving about his small force to multiply it in the Federal eyes. Feeling that something must be done to rouse the spirits of the people of Texas, he resolved to try his hand against the enemy's squadron lying in Galveston Bay. Under his instructions two steamboats, lying in Buffalo Bayou, at Houston, were travestied into rams and gunboats, armed with one gun each, and supplied with two tiers of cotton bales to give them, as the General said in confidence to his friends, an appearance of protection. A third boat was fitted out to act as tender. The two gun-boats were manned by volunteers of Green's brigade, converted for the occasion into *horse marines*, also by a company of artillery, the whole under the command of the brave Tom Green. Captain Leon Smith was the naval commander; Adjutant R. M. Franklin, of Debrays regiment, having volunteered to serve as his aid.

At Virginia Point General Magruder was actively organizing his land forces. We had about fifteen pieces of field artillery, manned by details from Cook's regiment of heavy artillery. The infantry were told off to drag the artillery by hand and to carry ladders, to be used for storming the wharf where the Federals were quartered. Companies B and E, of Debray's regiment were to act as escort and couriers. The whole land force amounted to about 1,000 men.

All dispositions having been perfected on land and on water, on the 31st of December, by nightfall, the column was set in motion to Galveston, over the railroad bridge, on a six miles silent march by a dim moonlight, soldiers laboriously hauling the guns and carrying the ladders. Upon reaching the city the guns were placed in battery at

the foot of streets leading to the bay, and on the 1st of January, 1863, at day-break, General Magruder pointed and fired the first gun. In less than two minutes the Federal gunboats opened their fire, which, in a short time, silenced that of our artillery, over which they had the advantage in metal. Several of our gunners were mangled or killed at their pieces, which had to be withdrawn. Our troops were sorely disappointed at what they considered a failure; not so General Magruder, whose only object in attacking by land was to divert the enemy's attention from the attack by water.

Our brave little crafts, upon hearing the discharges of artillery, hastened to join in the fight, and singled out the "Harriet Lane," which was the nearest ship to them. The "Bayou City," in the lead, missed her aim and glided along the ship's side; the "Neptune," following close by, with a full head of steam, struck the ship, but crippled herself and backed off to sink in shallow water. The "Bayou City," returning to the attack, entangled herself in one of the wheel-houses of the "Harriet Lane," holding her fast, while General Green's men opened a galling musketry fire upon the ship's crew, with their knives cut her boarding net, boarded her and compelled the crew to seek shelter below, while one of the Federal officers hoisted the flag of truce in sign of surrender. The other Federal gunboats, unaccountably to us, hoisted the white flag too, and under it, two of them fled out of sight in the gulf; a third ship, stranding in her flight, was blown up by her commander, who lost his life in the act. Finally, the Federal infantry quartered on the wharf surrendered. This brilliant, but bloody engagement was over in less than two hours.

Revilers were not wanting who called this victory *a scratch*; but they were soon silenced by the success of a scheme of the same kind, planned by the General, to drive off the Federals from Sabine Lake. On both occasions the General relied upon the confusion created among the enemy's ships by the unexpected appearance in their waters of strange looking crafts boldly steaming down to them.

General Magruder's success far exceeded public expectation, and for a time he was the idol of the people of Texas. But States as well as Republics are ungrateful. Brave, generous, warm-hearted Magruder died at Houston in want and almost friendless. Much was said and written, but nothing done towards erecting a monument to him. His body was interred in the burial ground of the Hadley family, his friends in life and in death; but several citizens of Galveston, in an evanescent fit of gratitude, claiming the honor of possessing his re-

mains, demanded them, with the consent of his family, and removed them with great pomp, to their city, where, ever since January, 1876, he lies ignored in an undertaker's vault, still begging for a grave.

An incident of the battle of Galveston, terribly illustrative of the horrors of civil strife, deserves to be mentioned. Major A. M. Lea, of the engineer corps, having reported for duty to General Magruder, at Virginia Point, on the eve of the attack, was instructed to accompany the General to Galveston. After the capture of the "Harriet Lane," in default of a naval officer, Major Lea was ordered to take charge of her. On entering the ship, among the dead and the wounded weltering in blood, unexpectedly and to his utter dismay, the Major beheld in the last throes of death, his son, Lieutenant Lea, executive officer of the ship, whom he had not heard of since the beginning of the war. The bodies of Lieutenant-Commander Wainright, killed in the action, and of Lieutenant Lea, were buried in the Galveston cemetery with military and masonic honors, the Confederate father reading over his Federal son's grave the solemn funeral service of the Episcopal church. The witnesses of that heart-rending scene never can forget it.

General Magruder's success raised popular enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and his call for more troops was responded to with alacrity. Debray's regiment and other troops were ordered to re-occupy Galveston, while an appeal to the planters, promptly complied with, brought to the island numerous gangs of negroes, who, under the supervision of their own overseers, worked diligently on new fortifications, planned by the Commanding General. Colonel Debray having been assigned to the command of Galveston Island, Lieutenant-Colonel Myers remained in command of the regiment.

The blockade of Galveston, forcibly raised on the 1st of January, was not resumed until the 13th of the same month, when seven gunboats came to anchor at about three miles from the city, to which they prepared to pay their compliments. A shelling was opened and kept up for six hours, to which the garrison, having no artillery to reply, had to submit good humoredly. Strange as it may appear, although the Federals covered the whole city with their shells and solid shot, some of which reached the bay, there was no loss of life, and the injury to houses was trifling. It will be remembered that, in the evening after the shelling, flashes of light were seen and a rumbling noise resembling broadsides was heard from a distance westward; then, after a few minutes, darkness and silence prevailed again. Many were the surmises upon this incident and several weeks intervened

before the sinking of the Federal ship *Hatteras* by Captain Semmes, off Saint Louis Pass, became known on the island.

For nine months all was quiet in Texas. The defenses of Galveston soon assumed shape, and *Quaker* guns frowning from the crests and casemates of the fort, held the Federals in check until real artillery could be placed in battery.

The Last Chapter of the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By PROFESSOR F. A. PORCHER.

PAPER No. 5.

CHARLESTON RIOTS.

As the election drew near the excitement increased, and before long it may be said that law had ceased to reign in South Carolina and had succumbed to violence. The Democratic party naturally wished to win over negroes to their side. As the managers of the Republican party feared discussion, they were actively at work deterring negroes from ever going to a meeting called by Democrats. The latter were therefore compelled to adopt the plan of sending deputies to represent their cause before any body of men called by the Radicals, and ask for a hearing. This was sometimes agreed to, but always unwillingly, and after a time refused. A large body, however, had been won over by the Democrats, and those in Charleston were regularly organized in colored Democratic clubs. They had their own officers, their own speakers and their own club-rooms; which last were always open to the visits of the whites. This organization was bitterly resented by the Radicals, and the negroes were so very hostile to them, whom they were taught to regard as traitors, that continued efforts were made to annoy them and to cause their meetings to break up in disorder. To prevent this was always a prime object with the whites, for it was indispensably necessary that the colored Democrats should feel certain that the party which they had joined was ready and able to give them that liberty of political action which was denied them by the Radicals, who looked upon every negro as their own. After some bickerings, quarrels, and abusive language, the animosity of the negroes culminated in a riot, which was made black with murder.

On the evening of September 6th, the Democratic colored club met at their club-room at Archer's Hall; two of their favorite orators, Sawyer and Rivers, were there and harangued the meeting. A crowd of unruly blacks were also there, who attempted to break up the meeting, but were hindered by the determined attitude of the whites who were present. When the club adjourned, shortly after 10 o'clock, it was determined, in consequence of the threatening attitude of the unfriendly blacks, to give Rivers and Sawyer the protection of their escort to their homes. They were accordingly placed in the center of a hollow square, and the escort proceeded up King street. They were followed by the blacks, and by the time they got to the Lutheran church, they were surrounded by a mob of men and boys, and even of women, armed with clubs and pistols and crying for revenge against the black Democrats. A white man in the rear of the escort was struck by a negro with a club, and the blow was returned. After this pistols were fired by both parties, and instantly the riot became unmanageable. The police came to the scene, but they were powerless against the mob. Whether they were utterly impotent is problematical. They made no arrests except of white men, who made no resistance. They are said also to have aided several whites to the shelter of the station-house and protected them, to the utmost of their ability, against the violence of an infuriate mob. Meanwhile the escort of Sawyer and Rivers did not desert their charge. Finding it impossible to carry them to their homes, as originally proposed, they escorted them in safety to the citadel and put them under the protection of the United States troops. The few whites who were yet unable either to control or resist the mob, made their escape from the scene as best they could. For several hours the streets were in possession of the mob. White men, utterly ignorant and unsuspicious of trouble, who happened to come upon them, were maltreated—aye, so far did their madness extend that in the upper part of the town if a white face was seen at a window it became the mark at which the pistols of the savages were directed.

Where, then, were the white people, that the blacks were thus suffered to retain undisputed possession of the town? It was the dead of night, and the people, unsuspicious of any danger, had gone to their beds. It was near midnight when runners were sent out to their several residences to call out the members of the rifle clubs. The call was obeyed, but it was long before a sufficient number assembled to warrant their sallying out from their quarters. A small battalion marched to the neighborhood of the main station house, and

offered their services to the chief of police to assist in quelling the riot. The reply was that the rioters had dispersed. The officer in command of the volunteer battalion sent out scouts to examine and report upon the condition of things. The report was that no bodies of negroes were to be found; that parties were occasionally seen here and there who manifested no friendly spirit; but that, in fact, there was no riot anywhere. The officer in command, considering that the force actually present was small, thought it best to do nothing which might provoke a renewal of the disturbance, and, after waiting a while for further developments, marched his troops to their quarters and dismissed them. It was a wise, a prudent, and a humane act, but it was very unacceptable to the young men in his command, who panted for an opportunity of teaching the insolent negroes a lesson in good breeding. The moderation and prudence of the leader of the corps was admirable, and in after times men learned to admire it; but it was hard, very hard, to submit to it.

The negroes seemed to have been organized for riot. Quick as lightning the report of the disturbance would fly through the streets, and instantly every negro would come out of his lair, and the air would be filled with their imprecations. The women breathed curses against the whites, and gloated in imagination over the vengeance which they would exercise. "*Kill them all!*" was the general cry! "The town is ours!" "Sweep them off from every part of it!" This, and such language we had to hear with patience for upwards of sixty days. And it was all the harder to bear because we knew that these were not spontaneous utterings, but were put into their mouths by the sickly and unprincipled adventurers who lived upon the white men and made use of the negroes to aid in robbing them.

Several persons were wounded and otherwise injured in this riot. Mr. Milton Buckner died the next day of his wound. Whether any negroes died is unknown. One black policeman was dangerously wounded, but recovered. It was afterwards said, but I know not if truthfully, that the negroes would carry off their wounded and keep it a secret. No arrests were made but of unresisting whites, against whom no charges were ever made; and no inquiry was made by the authorities as to the cause or the history of this riot, but it was so palpably a Radical riot, that it was not considered safe to enquire into it. Not long afterwards, when there was a color of showing that the whites had begun another riot, coroners' inquests were held and all the ingenuity of the Solicitor of the county taxed to prove that the whites were the aggressors. The Governor issued one of his splen-

did rhetorical proclamations. He also privately wrote to the Mayor, to urge an addition of two or three hundred men to the police force. Instantly the Mayor's office was thronged with negroes, eager to be selected for this service. The Mayor was, like the Governor, a Radical, but he knew better than the Governor did the temper of the people with whom he had to deal, and refused to comply with this insidious suggestion. He did even more; he signified to the officers of the rifle clubs that he would depend on their aid for the suppression of riots, and this kept the town quiet until the President came to the aid of the Governor by suppressing the clubs as seditious and dangerous conspirators.

It was now determined to give the negroes an opportunity for another riot, the whites taking care to make such preparations as to insure, not only a speedy suppression, but such a suppression as would convince the deluded tools of the Radical adventurers that they were not, as they fondly believed, the masters of the city. One of the nights for the regular meetings of a Democratic colored club was selected. The members were urged to be present, and protection was solemnly promised them. The signs, as the day drew to a close, were ominous; a restless, feverish uneasiness seemed to come over the negroes. Large numbers from the country were coming in (whose attitude bore threats), and a fearful night was anticipated.

At an early hour the several clubs were at their headquarters; detachments were detailed to be present at the meeting of the colored Democrats, to give them the aid and protection which had been solemnly promised them, and arrangements were perfected for speedy communication with each other in case of an alarm. It was significant of the temper of the soldiers, who were expected by the Governor to bring the seditious Democrats to a sense of duty, that some of them went to the gun-room of the artillery club and volunteered their services to work the guns in the event of a disturbance. This movement shows that the apprehension of trouble was general and deeply-seated. Men, not belonging to any military club, assembled, armed, at certain designated places, and, when night was fairly closed all who remained at their homes were in breathless expectation of a fearful riot.

It was a fearful night, one never to be forgotten by the women of the city, and the few men who remained at their homes. Never was a city more awfully silent. Not a footstep was heard on the street—not a voice gave indication that human beings were about interesting themselves in the affairs of the town. Nothing broke the awful silence, except the quarterly chimes of St. Michael's bells, which came

with startling effect when the ear was every moment expecting the clang of the alarm bell of death and destruction. The negro fiends who were wont to rush into the street to hurl foul imprecations upon the whites, were ensconced in their hiding places, and made no sign. At length, after at least two hours of this intense calm, the ear caught sounds of footsteps, not quick and hurried like those of men engaged in desperate strife, but gentle and careless like those of men leisurely returning to their homes. The danger was over; the meeting had been held without disturbance, and dispersed without annoyance. Not a negro was on the street to insult or to outrage. The front presented by the whites had completely overawed them. But, though no more general riot was apprehended in Charleston, the political lessons taught by the Radicals did not remain unproductive. Negroes were defiant and self-assertive, and rarely missed an opportunity of insulting—often of outraging—whites who were out in the night. Women and children were kept at home, and aged men, now for the first time in their lives, found it necessary to furnish themselves with means of defence. It was rare to see a man, whatever his condition or profession might be, who did not carry a loaded pistol in his pocket.

All these things may be told, but narration can give an inadequate notion of the actual condition of things in Charleston. The situation can be but faintly conceived by those who were not living and moving about the scenes here recorded. It is shocking to read of a bombarded town, but what description can portray the feelings of those to whom the hurtling of bombs and the whistling of shells are familiar sounds, each of which fills you with terror; how depict the fearful tempest that rages in the mind of a man, always conscious that when he enters the door of his dwelling he may find that during his absence the destructive storm has been there and carried death and desolation with it?

The Battle of Chickamauga.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL PRESTON, COMMANDING DIVISION.

GREENVILLE, S. C., October 31, 1863.

Captain Gallaher, Assistant Adjutant General:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to transmit, in obedience to orders, a report of the part taken by my command in the battle of Chickamauga.

On the 18th of September our forces advanced in several columns to cross the Chickamauga and give battle to the Federal army under General Rosecrans. Major-General Buckner's corps, consisting of Stewart's division and mine, moved on the road to Tedford's Ford, and on the evening of that day (Friday) my command bivouacked at Hunt's or Dalton's Ford, on the south bank of the river and east of the road. The skirmishers of Colonel Kelly's brigade soon discovered the enemy posted along the opposite bank of the stream, extending above in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill. Soon after nightfall General Gracie's brigade was moved across the ford and established in line of battle, running almost east and west, near Hunt's house, and a few hundred yards north of the river, where it remained during the night.

On the next morning my two remaining brigades crossed the river at dawn and were formed in line of battle in Hunt's field. Stewart's division soon occupied a position on my right and extended eastward in the direction of Tedford's Ford. Riding forward, I found troops of Brigadier-General Johnson's and Major-General Hood's commands forming in line of battle nearly at right angles to my own line, facing westward, toward the Chattanooga road, and afterwards met General Bragg, Major-General Hood and Major-General Buckner, who were conferring together. Having reported to Major-General Buckner the position of my troops, I returned, and about 8 o'clock received an order from him to advance through Hunt's field, in the direction of the enemy. Gracie's brigade was immediately conformed to the general line of battle and moved westwardly toward the main road—that runs north from Lafayette to Chattanooga. After advancing about six hundred yards it arrived near a sharp curve of the Chickamauga, which impeded further progress. I halted the command on the brow of the hill overlooking the stream and plain below. The enemy's lines and batteries were discovered about fifteen hundred yards distant, in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill, across the bend of the river, which it would have been necessary to cross twice, with an open field intervening, swept by their artillery, had the advance continued straight forward. Having halted Gracie, I drew up Kelly's brigade three hundred yards in the rear, upon a declivity in the field, and Trigg's brigade about three hundred yards in rear of Kelly's, on the prolongation of Bates' brigade, of Stewart's division, which was on the right—thus forming my division in a column of three brigades.

A rocky hill near Gracie's right, overlooking the field below, af-

forded an excellent position for artillery. Upon it I posted Jeffries' battery. The enemy commenced shelling my lines rapidly, and I lost a commissioned officer—killed—and a few men of the Sixth Florida, with Lieutenant Lane and others of the Sixty-Third Tennessee wounded. A shot or two was fired by Jeffries, but I ordered the battery to cease firing, as the distance was too great to assure proper accuracy. My troops remained in ranks without further reply, patiently enduring the fire. About 12 o'clock, in compliance with an order received from Major-General Buckner, I moved my command by the right flank, from about six or eight hundred yards, to a position somewhat west of north from Hunt's field. Trigg's brigade occupied the front, in a woodland near a small cabin. Gracie was formed near Trigg, and Kelly was posted in the rear, supporting Leyden's battalion of artillery.

No further event of importance occurred during the day to Gracie's or Kelly's brigades. Soon after Trigg occupied his position, some three hundred yards in advance of Gracie and Kelly, his skirmishers, under Colonel Maxwell, engaged those of the enemy with spirit, and some two hours afterwards were driven in by the enemy's artillery. There was a small cornfield three or four hundred yards in front of Trigg, in which the enemy were posted. About 2 or 3 o'clock a continuous and heavy fire of infantry and artillery, and their shells exploding behind our rear lines, announced a conflict near the field in front. I was informed that Hood's division was attacking the enemy in the field, whilst my division was held in reserve. Soon after I received an order from Major-General Buckner to detach a brigade and reinforce General Hood. For this purpose Colonel Trigg was ordered to advance in the direction of the firing, and to give the required support. The action soon became hot in front. Trigg joined Brigadier-General Robertson, of Hood's division, and attacked the enemy. They were broken in confusion. The Sixth Florida, under Colonel Findley, sustained heavy loss, but owing to some misapprehension of orders, the brigade failed to capture the enemy's battery, or to reap the fruits of their repulse. As I was not personally superintending the attack, I refer to the report of Colonel Trigg for details.

Riding forward, however, I found the evidences of a stubborn and sanguinary conflict in the margin of the wood and the cornfield beyond, from which the enemy were retiring their lines. Night coming on, Trigg bivouacked in the woodland and near the edge of the cornfield, while Gracie and Kelly occupied a position in front of a little

hut, near which Major-General Buckner had established his headquarters.

I have no means of ascertaining, with accuracy, the loss sustained by my division on Saturday, but estimate it at about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded—nearly all of whom were from Trigg's brigade. During the night Gracie's and Kelley's brigades were vigorously engaged in constructing defences to strengthen the left, and in the morning Williams's and Leyden's battalions of artillery were supported by my infantry, under cover of good field entrenchments.

On Sunday, about midday, the battle became fierce along the right towards Chattanooga, and there was a general advance of the left wing under Lieutenant-General Longstreet. Stewart's division and Trigg's brigade were moved forward northwestwardly, in the direction of Brotherton's house, on the Chattanooga road. Under an order from Major-General Buckner, I advanced with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades, with the exception of the Sixty-fifth Georgia, Colonel Moore, which was left to protect Jeffries's battery, near Hunt's field, on the left. Gracie's and Kelley's brigades were formed in line of battle across the Chattanooga road in front of Brotherton's house, and Trigg a short distance in the rear. The enemy, in some fields on the north, maintained an active fire of shot and shell on my troops until about half-past three o'clock, when I received an order to move towards Dyer's house and field to support Brigadier-General Kershaw. Guided by Captain Terrill, I advanced with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades. Trigg's having been retained near Brotherton's by Major-General Buckner to resist an apprehended attack of cavalry on our left and rear. After moving through the woodland between the Chattanooga road and Dyer's farm house, I reached a large field extending northward to some wooded ravines and heights.

These heights stretch nearly east and west from the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, to another nearly parallel road running from Crawfish Spring to Rossville, and about two miles west of the former. From the edge of Dyer's field the ground descends to a wooded ravine, and after two or three intervening depressions, each succeeding height being more elevated, you reach the summit of the ridge, which is some two hundred feet above the level of the plain. Along this ridge the enemy were drawn up under General Thomas, as it is believed from the statement of prisoners. A strong battery was posted on the loftiest and most eastern of these heights, towards

Snodgrass' house and Chattanooga. On the northeast the undulations were gentle, and cleared fields and farms stretched away to the eastward to open and wooded plains.

Upon these plains the battle had raged during the day, and the heights were the key of the enemy's position, and his last stronghold. As soon as the advance brigade of Gracie reached Dyer's field, I ordered him to form in line of battle, with his left wing resting near a tall pine on the summit of the hill near the edge of the field, and in front of the enemy's strongest position. This was done with great animation and in admirable order. I then directed Colonel Kelly to form his brigade on the left of Gracie, and to change direction to the right as he advanced. The owner of the farm, John Dyer, one of my couriers, gave me a most accurate and valuable description of the local topography, and I directed Kelly to cover and protect Gracie's left. Whilst engaged in bringing Kelly into position, Gracie's brigade disappeared in the wood, advancing against the battery hill. I ordered Captain Blackburn, my volunteer Aid-de-Camp, to follow and ascertain from General Gracie by what authority he had moved. General Gracie replied that he had been ordered to advance by Brigadier-General Kershaw, who was in the ravine just beyond the field. The movement was slightly premature, as Kelly was not formed, but I at once ordered his brigade forward, and sent Captain Blackburn to direct him to oblique to the right again, so as to press toward the slope of the hill in the rear, while Gracie was attacking in front. The enemy had kept up a rapid artillery fire from the hill and across the field, but Gracie, passing through Kershaw's ranks, which were halted in the first ravine beyond the field, dashed over the ridge beyond and into the hollows between it and the battery hill.

The brigade advanced with splendid courage, but was met by a destructive fire of the enemy from the cover of their field works on the hill. The Second Alabama battalion stormed the hill and entered the entrenchments. Here an obstinate and bloody combat ensued. Brigadier-General Gracie, whilst bravely leading his men, had his horse shot under him. Lieutenant-Colonel Fulkerson, commanding the Sixty-third Tennessee; Lieutenant-Colonel Jolly, of the Forty-third Alabama; Lieutenant-Colonel Holt, of the First Alabama battalion; and Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, of the Second Alabama battalion, were severely wounded whilst gallantly leading their respective commands in the assault on the hill. Many brave officers and men here fell. The brigade carried into action about two thousand and three officers

and men, and, in the space of an hour, lost six hundred and ninety-eight killed and wounded. The Second Alabama battalion, out of two hundred and thirty-nine, lost one hundred and sixty-nine killed and wounded. In the action its color was pierced in eighty-three places, and was afterwards, by request, presented to his Excellency, the President, who promoted the brave standard-bearer, Robert W. Heith, for conspicuous courage. George W. Norris, of Captain Wise's company, of Hall's battalion, fell at the foot of the enemy's flag-staff, and was buried at the spot where he had so nobly died.

Gracie's brigade advanced between four and five o'clock, and Kelly moved about ten minutes afterwards to assail the second hill on the ridge, three or four hundred yards west of the battery hill. I ordered him to change direction obliquely to the right, which was promptly done, and, in a few minutes, the brigade had passed beyond the troops halted on the left of Kershaw's brigade, in the ravine, and engaged the enemy on the ridge, three or four hundred yards beyond. Then a desperate combat ensued, the hostile forces being not more than thirty or forty yards apart. Kelly gained the hill after a bloody struggle, and the enemy vainly sought to dislodge him from it.

Just as I first formed and moved Kelly into action, I met Major-General Hindman and staff, on the summit of the hill, near Dyer's field. The General, though suffering from a contusion in the neck, from a fragment of shell, remained in the saddle. He informed me of the state of affairs, and assured me of my opportune arrival, and authorized me to post a battery of his on a point of the field so as to guard against, and cover any repulse of my troops, or any adverse event. This was done by me, though I did not learn the name of the officer commanding the battery. When the fire on Gracie and Kelly was fully developed, its great volume and extent assured me that support was indispensable. At once I despatched Captain Blackburne, Captain Preston and Lieutenant Johnston, of my staff, with orders to bring Trigg's brigade forward rapidly, and to inform Major-General Buckner, at Brotherton's, of my situation, and the urgent necessity of the order. Shortly after Captain Harvey Jones, Acting Adjutant-General of Gracie's brigade, rode up and informed me that Gracie had gained the hill, but could not hold it without reinforcements. I instructed him to inform Gracie that the hill must be held at all hazards, and that I would send Colonel Trigg to his support in a few minutes. Soon after Colonel Kelly sent me word,

by Lieutenant McDaniel, that he could not hold the hill without succor, and I gave him a similar response. This was about the period of the heaviest fire, and I rode forward to where Colonel Kelly was engaged on the hill, and Lieutenant McDaniel brought him to me. I reiterated the order, and the assurance of Trigg's speedy arrival, and passed on to the right, where I met General Gracie. He reported his ammunition almost exhausted, and was withdrawing his men to replenish his cartridge-boxes.

In the meantime General Buckner had sent me Colonel Trigg's brigade, which, advancing in double-quick time, arrived at a critical moment, while the battle was raging fiercely. One of Trigg's regiments went to the support of General Gracie, while the remainder of his brigade was ordered to form on the left of Kelly, and to attack the enemy on the ridge. This fresh brigade, moving over the troops halted in the valley below, assaulted with great ardor the enemy on the left of Kelly, and quickly carried the first ridge. The fresh and lengthened line of fire from this fine command reanimated our men, and disheartened the enemy, who relinquished their first position, and fell back to a second ridge, occupied by a strong force and posted behind fieldworks. A momentary lull ensued. Brigadier-General Robertson reported to me, and I directed him to occupy and hold the position from which Gracie had withdrawn to replenish his ammunition. I sent, at this time, for Colonel Kelly, who reported in person, and informed me that the enemy in his front seemed in confusion. I directed him to use his discretion and press the advantage by advancing as far as practicable, with Trigg wheeling to the right, toward the declivity of the battery hill, stretching towards Chattanooga. It was now moonlight, and Kelly, returning to his command, after a few minutes absence from it, the fire reopened, and, continuing for a short time, ceased. It was the last fire of the day, and closed the battle.

In the last attack made by Trigg and Kelly, Colonel Hawkins, of the Fifth Kentucky, a brave and skillful officer of Kelly's brigade, captured two colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, a number of company officers, and two hundred and forty-nine prisoners. The Twenty-second Michigan, the Eighty-ninth Ohio and part of the Twenty-first Ohio regiments were captured by Trigg's and Kelly's brigades, and five stand of colors were taken by Sergeant Timmons, of the Seventh Florida regiment, and by Privates Heneker, Harris, Hylton and Car-

ter, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia. Colonels Carlton, Lefebvre and Lieutenant-Colonel Glenn were among the prisoners

The next morning about four thousand five hundred stand of arms, which had been thrown away by the flying enemy, were secured by my command. I learned that Steadman's division and troops from General Granger's reserve corps held the heights attacked by my division, and from captured artillerists, at Snodgrass' house, that the hill had been occupied by a battery of the regular army and another from Ohio.

Among the wounded at Snodgrass' house, where a hospital had been established by the enemy, were many prisoners, some of whom were from Crittenden's corps, portions of which seem also to have occupied the hill. In the attack on the hill no artillery could be used by us effectively.

The struggle was alone for the infantry. Few fell who were not struck down by the rifle or the musket. Whilst at the height of the engagement, the reserve artillery of Major Williams opened fire, by order of Major-General Buckner, on the rear lines of the enemy, but with what effect I could not judge. The fire served, however, to draw that of the enemy to another part of the field on my right.

As my line advanced, I sent word to General Buckner requesting him to cause Williams to cease firing, or he would enfilade my men, who had now the ridge, and the batteries were promptly stopped. The battalion of Georgia artillery under Major Leyden was engaged with Colonel Trigg on Saturday, and that of Captain Jeffries, protected by the Sixty-fifth Georgia, occupied an important position on the left. Captain Peebles's battery, of Major Leyden's command, sustained a small loss in the engagement. No opportunity for the advantageous use of his guns was offered in that quarter of the field.

I refer to Major Leyden's report for details.

The next morning I ordered the burial of the dead. Many of our brave men had fallen in charging the slopes leading to the summit of the ridge. The musketry from the low breastworks of the enemy on the hill, attacked by General Gracie, had set fire to the dry foliage, and scorched and blackened corpses gave fearful proof of the heroism and suffering of the brave men who had stormed the hill. The ground occupied by the enemy's battery was strewn with slain.

More to the north, in a wooded dell in front of Kelly and Trigg, many dead and wounded of the enemy were found, who had fled the combat and sought concealment in its shadows. All the dead along my lines, whether friend or enemy, were buried, and the wounded removed to the hospital.

I have already mentioned the services of Brigadier-General Gracie and his command, and desire to express my approval of the courage and skill he manifested in the battle. It also affords me pleasure to notice the valuable services of Colonel I. M. Moody, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanford, Major McLennan, Captain Walam and Surgeon Luckie, of Gracie's brigade. Colonel Trigg maintained and increased his justly merited reputation as a brave and skillful officer. Every order was executed with energy and intelligence. To the rapidity with which he moved his command to the support of Kelly's and Gracie's brigades, and availed himself of the advantages of the field, I attributed, in a great measure, the success of my command in carrying the position. Colonel Findlay, of the Sixth Florida, moved at once to my support, with Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, while the Seventh Florida, under Colonel Bullock, was brought forward by Colonel Trigg in person. During the struggle for the heights Colonel Kelly had his horse shot under him, and displayed great courage and skill. He animated his men by his example, and with unshaken firmness retained the ground he had won. During the action he was reinforced by a regiment from the brigade of Brigadier-General Patton Anderson, who was in his vicinity; for which timely aid I desire to express my obligations.

Colonel Kelly took into action eight hundred and seventy-six officers and men; one of his regiments (the Sixty-fifth Georgia) being detached, and lost three hundred killed and wounded. Colonel Palmer, of the Fifty-eighth North Carolina, though wounded, remained on the field, and bravely commanded his regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Kirby, a young, brave and lamented officer of the same regiment, fell early in the action. Captain Lynch, of the Sixty-third Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Conner, Major Myneher and Adjutant Thomas B. Cook, of the Fifth Kentucky, merit honorable mention. Captain Joseph Desha, of the Fifth Kentucky, who, though painfully wounded, remained on the field until the enemy was defeated, deserves especial commendation. Captain Desha has

been often in action, and always honorably mentioned, and I respectfully recommend him for promotion.

The actual strength of the command taken by me into action on Sunday, was three thousand seven hundred and fifty-two men, and three hundred and twenty-six officers, being an aggregate of four thousand and seventy-eight infantry, and my total loss in the battle was twelve hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded, and sixty-one missing—nearly all of the lost having been subsequently accounted for.

I desire to express my thanks to my staff for the efficient aid they rendered me. Major W. M. Owen, Chief of Artillery; Captain Sanford, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain Edward C. Preston, Division Inspector; Lieutenant Edward Whitfield, Ordnance Officer; Lieutenant Adams, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General; Lieutenant Harris H. Johnston, Aid-de-Camp, and Captain I. C. Blackburne, volunteer Aid-de-Camp, were actively employed during the battle, and I tender to them the assurance of my sense of their valuable services on the field. Lieutenant Bowles, of Morgan's cavalry, was temporarily attached to my staff, and assisted me greatly during the engagement. Major Edward Crutchfield, Quartermaster, and Major Bradford, were under orders a short distance in the rear, but availed themselves of each interval to join me at the front, and fulfilled their respective duties to my entire satisfaction. Surgeon Benjamin Gillespie, by the establishment of field hospitals and his care of the wounded, merits my thanks and official notice.

Enclosed, I transmit the reports of General Gracie, Colonels Kelly and Trigg, with others of subordinate officers. I refer to them for many details which cannot be embraced in this report, and invite attention to the instances of skill and gallantry shown by officers and men, which they record. The troops of my division had never been engaged in any important battle, having been stationed during the war chiefly in Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, to defend their mountain passes from invasion. Held in reserve while the conflict raged around them for a day and a half, they manifested a noble ardor to share its dangers and its glories. Though long in service and not aspiring to the title of veterans, I felt strong confidence in their patriotism, courage and discipline. The hour for the trial of all these great qualities arrived; every hope was justified, and I feel assured that both officers and men, won honorable and enduring re-

noun upon the memorable field of Chickamauga. I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

W. PRESTON,
Brigadier-General, P. A. C. S.

Tabular Statement of the Strength of Preston's Division in the Battle of Chickamauga, and the Return of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

COMMAND.	EFFECTIVE STRENGTH.				KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.						
	SEPT. 19TH, 1863.		SEPT. 20TH, 1863.		KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL
	Off. Offrs.	Enlisted Men.	Off. Offrs.	Enlisted Men.	Off. Offrs.	Enlisted Men.	Off. Offrs.	Enlisted Men.	Off. Offrs.	Enlisted Men.	
Gracie's Brigade.....	135	1,992	134	1,869	6	84	30	578	27	725
Trigg's Brigade.....	110	1,417	108	1,091	3	43	18	213	5	282
Kelly's Brigade*.....	100	1,037	84	792	5	57	15	223	29	329
Total.....	365	4,446	326	3,752	14	184	63	1,014	61	1,336

* The Sixty-fifth Georgia detached on September 20th.

W. PRESTON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

Notes and Queries.

Did General George H. Thomas hesitate to draw his sword against his native State—Virginia?

We have collected the most conclusive proof that General Thomas had at first fully decided to come South and cast his lot with his own people, and we only await some additional proofs that have been promised us before publishing a full statement of the facts. But, in the meantime, it may be as well to put into our records the testimony of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, in his speech in the United States Senate, on the bill for the relief of General Fitz. John Porter. Mr. Cameron, in the course of his defence of General Porter, said:

"It became my duty to take charge of the railroad from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and while so engaged an incident occurred in my office which impressed me greatly at the time, and which it has always seemed to me should atone to a great extent for any errors General Porter may have committed, if any, at a later period of the war. It was to a great extent through him, in my judgment, that the services of General George H. Thomas were secured to the side of the Union. General Thomas, then Major Thomas, was stationed at Carlisle Barracks. There were at the same time two other Majors of the army stationed at the same place—I have forgotten their names, but that is immaterial, for the records of the War Department will show—when an order was received from the War Department by a messenger, who came across the country, directing Major Porter to send the troops then at Carlisle to Washington, with directions to have them cut their way through. It is the language of this order which makes me say that this was at one of the darkest periods of the war. The capital of the nation was menaced by an enemy camping within a few miles of it, and had but a handful of men for its protection. Porter, with a quick perception of the gravity of the situation and showing a thorough knowledge of the fitness of the man for the duty to be performed, selected Thomas from the three Majors, and ordered him to report to him at my office in Harrisburg, that being Porter's headquarters.

"Thomas arrived there promptly the same evening. When informed of the duty to be performed, Thomas hesitated, and then began a conversation between the two officers, which continued until morning, and made a lasting impression on my mind. Thomas argued against the war, taking the ground that the trouble had been brought upon the country by the abolitionists of the North, and that while deploring it as sincerely as any man could, the South had just cause for complaint. Porter took the position that he, Thomas, as a soldier, had no right to look at the cause of the trouble, but as an officer of the United States army it was his duty to defend his flag whenever it was attacked, whether by foes from without or from within. Porter pleaded as zealously, as eloquently, as I have ever heard any man plead a cause in which his whole heart was engaged, and it was this pleading which caused Thomas to arrive at a decision.

"I do not say that Thomas refused to obey his orders, but I do say that he hesitated and would much have preferred that the duty

had devolved upon another. Thomas was a Virginian, and had, as many other good and patriotic men had, great doubts as to the ability of the government to coerce the States back into the Union that had, by their legislatures, formally withdrawn, but having that night decided to remain with the Union, from that time forward there was no doubt, no hesitancy, no wavering, but an earnest, hearty support to the side which had for its interest the Union, and to-day his name is among the brightest, best and purest of its military heroes. If Fitz John Porter was to any extent instrumental in saving this great name to our list of military heroes, I ask, Should not this country be grateful to him? I think it should."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S SLANDERS OF CONFEDERATE LEADERS.—Time does not seem to soften the bitterness of the "Great Bummer" and Burner of the war, but he seems to lose no opportunity to vent his spleen against "Rebel conspirators" and "Traitors." And in his blind malignity he shows a reckless disregard of the truth, which is utterly amazing. At the formal opening of the new hall of the Frank Blair Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, a few weeks ago, General Sherman, in the course of his address, stated that President Davis ("Jeff. Davis," he rudely calls him), "was a conspirator at the opening of the rebellion, and that his aim was to make himself dictator of the South, and that, in a letter to a man who is now a United States Senator, he had said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy."

This statement brought out the following reply from our patriotic, chivalric chief:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., November 6, 1884.

Editor St. Louis Republican:

DEAR SIR,—I have to-night received the enclosed published account of remarks made by General W. T. Sherman, and ask the use of your columns to notice only so much as particularly refers to myself, and which is to be found in the following extracts. The following is taken from the *St. Louis Republican*:

"Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., opened their new hall, corner of Seventeenth and Olive streets, last evening. General Sherman said the people of the North would have all been slaves."

The following is from the *Globe-Democrat's* report :

"Referring to the late war, he said it was not, as was generally understood, a war of secession from the United States, but a conspiracy. 'I have been behind the curtain,' said he, 'and I have seen letters that few others have seen, and have heard conversations that cannot be repeated, and I tell you that Jeff. Davis never was a secessionist. He was a conspirator. He did not care for division from the United States. His object was to get a fulcrum from which to operate against the Northern States, and if he had succeeded he would to-day be the master-spirit of the continent, and you would be his slaves. I have seen a letter from Jeff. Davis to a man whose name I cannot mention, because he is a United States Senator. I know Davis's writing, and saw his signature, and in that letter he said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy.'"

"This public assault, under the covert plea that it is based upon information which regard for a United States Senator does not permit him (General Sherman) to present, will, to honorable minds, suggest the idea of irresponsible slanders. It is thus devolved upon me to say that the allegation of my ever having written such a letter as is described is unqualifiedly false, and the assertion that I had any purpose or wish to destroy the liberty and equal rights of any State, either North or South, is a reckless and shameless falsehood, especially because it was generally known that for many years before, as well as during the war, between the States, I was an earnest advocate of the strict construction State rights theory of Mr. Jefferson.

"What motive other than personal malignity can be conceived for so gross a libel? If General Sherman had access to any letters purporting to have been written by me which will sustain his accusation, let him produce them, or wear the brand of a base slanderer."

To this letter General Sherman has made no reply, save to publish a letter purporting to have been written by Vice-President Stephens to Honorable H. V. Johnson, and condemning in strong terms some of the measures of Mr. Davis's administration, though affording not a scintilla of proof of General Sherman's charges, and utterly at variance with some of Mr. Stephens's *published* opinions concerning Mr. Davis.

General Sherman has not yet produced the letter which he claims to have seen, and he cannot produce any evidence to substantiate his slander.

Another of General Sherman's recent slanders is his charging General Albert Sidney Johnston with a "conspiracy" to turn over to the Confederacy the troops he commanded on the Pacific Coast at the breaking out of the war.

Colonel William Preston Johnston (the gallant and accomplished son of the great soldier and stainless gentleman) promptly branded this statement as false, and its author as a slanderer. General Sherman's own witness failed him, and, indeed, gave strong testimony against him, and he was forced to admit that he was, in this case, *mistaken*.

But we need go into no further details. If our readers will recall what we have published concerning General Sherman's connection with the burning of Columbia, and the conflicting statements he has made concerning it, and if they will turn to his own Memoirs, Vol. II, page 278, and see how he *coolly publishes to the world an admission that in his official report he was guilty of willful and deliberate falsehood in charging General Wade Hampton with burning Columbia, when he knew that he did not, "in order to shake the faith of his people in him"* [Hampton]—we say that if they will only look a little into the record of this champion slanderer of the South, they will not be surprised at *any* reckless statement which he may make.

MR. CORCORAN'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE.—In sending Professor J. J. White, of Lexington, Va., a contribution of \$1,000 towards making up the last \$6,000 necessary to complete the Lee Mausoleum, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the noble philanthropist, paid General Lee the following graceful and feeling tribute, which is worthy of a place in our records:

"It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that it affords me a melancholy satisfaction to testify—even in this imperfect manner—my respect for the memory of a valued friend, the grandeur of whose character commanded the admiration of ever Southern heart. Happily blending the qualities of a hero with the graces of a Christian, General Lee was the embodiment of my ideal conception of all that constitutes a truly good and great man."

A NORTHERN ESTIMATE OF RELATIVE NUMBERS AND LOSSES DURING THE WAR.—We clip the following from the Philadelphia Record:

"A correspondent asks us to state the number of men engaged in

the late war on both sides. Respecting the Confederate force, statistics are at variance. The Adjutant-General of the Confederate army, in a statement since the close of hostilities, estimated the entire Confederate force, capable of service in the field, at 600,000 men. Of this number, not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any time, and the Confederate States never had in the field at once more than 200,000 men. When the war ended the Southern army was reduced to less than one-half this number. The official reports of the War Department set down the grand total of troops furnished the Union armies at 2,850,132. Reduced to a uniform three years' standard, the whole number of troops enlisted amounted to 2,320,272. The number of casualties among the Union troops and those taken prisoners together, by far exceeded the entire Confederate forces. The Provost-Marshal General reported in 1866 that the losses of the Union were: Killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,727; of disease, 183,287; total, 279,376. The Union troops captured during the war numbered 212,008. Actual decrease of the army, 491,984.

THE APPOMATTOX APPLE TREE ONCE MORE.—We have received from Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, at that time in command of the First Regiment of Confederate Engineers, the following letter, in reply to an inquiry from us, which fully confirms the note made in our last issue:

RICHMOND, November 3d, 1884.

*The Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D.,
Secretary, &c.*

DEAR SIR.—The note on "Appomattox Apple Tree" states correctly the fact that my regiment furnished a guard to General Lee; but it is also true that there were no negotiations between General Lee and General Grant at the point referred to. General Lee himself stated to me at the time that he was waiting for a reply to a dispatch he had sent to General Grant, and as soon as a reply was received he rode towards Appomattox Court House with Colonel Marshall. On his return from Appomattox Court House (as he passed my lines) he told me of the terms of surrender, which he had accepted.

The cordon of sentinels was placed around General Lee and his staff at the request of Col. Walter Taylor; and one object was, I think, to keep *straggling Federal officers* away from the General. I remember seeing several Federal officers of high rank who seemed to be very inquisitive.

Yours, very truly,

T. M. R. TALCOTT.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

VOLUME 12 S. H. S. PAPERS is completed in this number, and is now ready for the binders. A glance at its table of contents will show, we think, that it is not one whit behind previous volumes in variety, interest and real historic value. We are now prepared to receive orders for this volume at the following prices: Unbound, \$3; bound in cloth, \$3.50; half morocco, \$3.75; half calf, \$4.

MEMBERSHIP FEES AND PAST-DUE SUBSCRIPTIONS have been, and are very much in request at this office, and we are seeking very earnestly to collect them.

We are meeting a measure of success, but have found some obstacles and some confusion of ideas on the part of members and subscribers, which would be amusing if it were not rather serious.

E. G.—Here is a specimen letter from a gentleman whose time expired in October, 1883, and who, therefore, owes us \$3 from that date to October, 1884, and \$3 for the next year, if he continues. But he coolly writes us that he "only subscribed for *one* year," and having paid for that, he considers himself under no obligation to pay for 1883-84. Now, there are several replies to this:

1. When one is enrolled as a member of the society he is continued until he *formally notifies the Secretary* of his wish to withdraw, and he is bound for his fees (at the rate of \$3 per annum) until he gives such notification.

2. The postal laws are plain and emphatic that when a subscriber fails to notify a publisher of his desire to discontinue his paper, and the publisher continues to send it *the subscriber is bound to pay the subscription*. And surely it is neither good ethics or good law that one should receive our *Papers* for twelve months or two years, and *then* decline to pay for them.

THE TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP IN OUR SOCIETY are \$3 per annum for *annual*, and \$50 for *life* membership, and the payment of these fees entitles the member to "all the privileges of the Society, *including the receipt of its official publications.*" For some years—from 1869 to 1876—the Society was unable to make regular publications, and the members paid their fees simply to meet the expenses incident to the prosecution of the work of gathering and preserving "material for the future historian," and *received nothing in return*. Since January, 1876, however, we have given our members a full *quid pro quo* for the fees they have paid. We have sometimes not been as prompt as is desirable in issuing our numbers, but we have never failed to mail to each member and subscriber *every* number to which he was entitled,

and when informed that any failed to receive special numbers we have promptly mailed *duplicates*. We mention this because we sometimes receive complaints (especially from one in arrears) of failure to receive numbers a year or more ago. A postal card *sent at the time of the failure* of the numbers will always receive prompt attention. But we beg to remind our members that *their fees are due and are needed, whether they receive any publications or not*.

We are not using our "special fund" (which is safely invested) for current expenses, and as we must promptly meet these, we need every dollar due us (though if we had to-day the *half* of what is due we should be *very comfortable*), and we beg our friends to send us their dues AT ONCE, without waiting for an agent to call on them, or for any further reminder.

Literary Notices.

THE LETTERS AND TIMES OF THE TYLERS. BY LYON G. TYLER. In two volumes. Volume I. Richmond, Va.: WHITTET & SHEPPERSON. 1884.

We are indebted to the accomplished author for a copy of this valuable book, which, in paper, type, binding, and general *get-up*, are admirable specimens of the book-maker's art, and reflect high credit on all concerned. We must reserve for the future the full review which the book deserves, as we have space now for only a brief notice.

But we must say, that while any book on the "Letters and Times" of these distinguished Virginians would be of interest and historic value, our author has shown industrious research in collecting his materials, and great ability in using them—that he wields a facile, graceful pen—and that he has not only written a most readable and entertaining biography, but has made a contribution of real value to the history of the important epoch of which he treats. While with filial hand he draws the portraits and vindicates the fame of his distinguished father and grandfather, he brings out clearly the times in which they lived, pictures the men with whom they came in contact, and describes the great measures of State and Federal policy with which they were connected. We cordially commend the book as one which should be in every library.

FIFTY YEARS OBSERVATIONS OF MEN AND EVENTS—CIVIL AND MILITARY. BY GENERAL E. D. KEYS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

The publishers have sent us (through West & Johnston, Richmond) this exceedingly entertaining narrative of a gallant and distinguished soldier who has shown that he can wield the pen with as much facility as the sword. It is a gossipy, interesting book about men and things, and while we cannot, of course, accept all of the author's opinions, yet we are pleased with the kindly tone in which he speaks of many of our Confederate leaders. *E. g.*, he says of *Stonewall Jackson*:

"The conduct of Jackson's campaign, in 1862, between Harpers Ferry and Richmond, justifies any measure of praise."

He pays General Lee the following tribute:

"The whole civilized world has reviewed the career of General Lee. The qualities of his mind and disposition have been recognized and extolled, and his fate has excited the tenderest sympathy in millions of hearts. A character like that of Robert E. Lee could not possibly be found in any human society in which the laws and public opinion do not sanction and approve of marked distinctions of rank among its members.

"Lee's family was of the highest, and his cradle was rocked by a slave. His sense of superiority and fitness to command, being infused at his birth, was never questioned. From infancy to threescore he knew no physical malady, and the admirable symmetry of his person and the manly beauty of his countenance were the aids to his virtues which secured to him tolerance, affection, and respect from all with whom he mingled. He passed the four years of his cadetship without a single mark of demerit, and during my long acquaintance with him I never heard him accused of an act of meanness, tyranny, or neglect of duty. His nature was genial and sociable, and he would join freely in all the sports and amusements proper to his age. He was exempt from every form and degree of snobbery, which is a detestable quality that appears most often among people whose theories of government presume an absolute equality. He was a favorite with the ladies, but he never allowed them to waste his time, to warp his judgment, or to interrupt his duty. To whatever station he was ordered, however secluded or unhealthy it might be, he would go to it with cheerfulness. Every kind of duty seemed a pleasure to him, and he never intrigued for promotion or reward. Nevertheless, no man could stand in his presence and not recognize his capacity and acknowledge his moral force. His orders, conveyed in mild language, were instantly obeyed, and his motives were universally approved. In all the time in which I observed his conduct I was true to my own antecedents. I was a northern man, and no word dropped from my lips or was shed from my pen that did not testify to my origin and proper allegiance. I will not deny that the presence of Lee, and the multiform graces that clustered around him, oftentimes oppressed me, though I never envied him, and I doubt if he ever excited envy in any man. All his accomplishments and alluring virtues appeared natural in him, and he was free from the anxiety, distrust, and awkwardness that attend a sense of inferiority, unfriendly discipline, and censure."

It is pleasant to read such a tribute from the pen of a Federal soldier, and we cannot do less than to heartily commend the book which contains it.

